

# Music & Letters

*A Quarterly Publication*

Founded by A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

Edited by ERIC BLOM

*Price Five Shillings*

Vol. XVIII No. 2

April 1937

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Vols. 1- 5 in Oct., 1924 issue

„ 6-10 in Oct., 1929 „

„ 11-15 in Jan., 1935 „

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'Music & Letters' is published quarterly—January, April, July and October. Annual Subscription £1 post free to all parts of the world. Single copies 6s. (postage 8d.)—MSS. and copies of Music, Books and Periodicals intended for review should be addressed to The Editor, 'Music & Letters,' 27 George Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15. All other communications to be sent to the Office: 35 Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2. Telephone: Temple Bar 8115.

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# Music and Letters

APRIL 1937

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Volume XVIII

No. 2

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## THE ROYAL MUSIC

BY PERCY YOUNG

THE Coronation of King George VI will remind us of the dignity of a long tradition. How tradition grows upon us we cannot say, but it becomes sometimes possible to follow the enchanting turns of some single tributary which sooner or later finds its way into the main stream. Our native musical tradition is full of character, as at last we have come to realize, and the purpose of this essay is to relate how once our heritage was entrusted in some part to the care of kings and queens.

Music cannot, as in Arnold's view poetry should, criticize life, but it can comment; and because it can in some curiously personal way interpret the *Zeitgeist* we value it as a cultural study. Music, however, which possesses value in this order must be written, not by eclectics, but as far as possible by representatives of common humanity. Our ideal centres still too much in the mild-eyed dreamer who "strives to create fairer and fairer to vanquish his fate". Shelley's ethereal art leaves life; Shakespeare roots his fancy in common human experience and then soars. In its own way a Coronation may show practical experience transforming itself into imaginative values, and therefore giving us art.

So much for our theme: a courtly air. Now for the variations. We believe that Shakespeare lived when the *plebs* indulged in music without self-consciousness. Citherns hung in the barber's shop and,

as bridge was not known, the greatest social asset was an ability to sight-read and to finger the lute. We incline to the theory that the later Tudors and early Stuarts focused their interest almost exclusively in the madrigal and its by-products; but this does not leave room for him who was socially the most important musical personage of the period—the court musician. At the end of the sixteenth century we find the queen's musicians indispensable. Their function takes us back indefinitely to the time when the magical virtue of music was enlisted in the service of war. No respectable king of the middle ages went into battle without his attendant minstrels, and reference to the presence of musicians on the field of battle is common enough in contemporary record and ballad. The Scots were defeated at Halidon Hill in 1333 and this was celebrated

with merrie soune  
With pipis, trompes and tabers thereto,  
And loude clarionis . . .

Further study of the martial music of the darker ages is not very necessary, but we must see in those early warrior bards the crude prototypes of the precious members of the household music who later loitered round the luxurious apartments of more leisured masters. In days when pageantry was more common than now it is clear that trumpeters winding their massive "silvery trumpets, five foot long" must have made an impressive spectacle, and so their services were automatically retained in time of peace. And not only trumpeters but other players, of pipes and nakers. As the development of art depends so much on leisure and peaceful prosperity we are not surprised that outside the church it makes little headway musically until the reign of Henry VIII.

"Our vindictive and voluptuous monarch", writes Burney, "had studied music very seriously in his youth". No doubt his early application to the art was serious, since his father afforded the best Chapel Royal in Europe, but apart from that took not a great interest in music. However, if an overdose of austerity led to a reaction in favour of frivolity, we should not be ungrateful: for the music of the church, impressive and dignified though it was, promised little in the way of relaxation. The early part of the sixteenth century finds us importing distinguished strangers, and among them violinists from Venice, Milan and Cremona. Nebuchadnezzar's royal music catalogued "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer", but the greatest of Tudor kings gained richness and variety in his ensemble by the incorporation in addition of shawms, lutes, viols, recorders, trumpets and many keyed

instruments. Here indeed was God's plenty ! Mary Tudor, " that gloomy and bigoted princess, was herself a performer on the virginals and lute ", and her brother Edward was sufficiently precocious to give public demonstration of his lute playing : " before M. le Maréchal St. André " in 1550, as he records it in his diary. During their turbulent reigns there was a steady influx of foreign talent, mostly from the Netherlands and from Italy, as the names of van Welder, Oliver Rampons, Pier Guye, Lupo and Bassano show.

The chequered careers of some of these foreign recruits make material for an interesting digression. Of the Bassano family (not infrequently termed the Basons [*sic* !]) we catch varied glimpses from time to time. The first reference at the English court to the family is in 1538 when a respectable instrument maker named Anthony Bassano makes his appearance. From the middle of the century onwards the Lord Chamberlains' records provide us with Agostino, John Baptista, Jasper, John, Mark Anthony, Andrea, Edward, Henry and Jerome—all of the house of Bassano ! The family pride must have suffered in 1584, when we read in the Calendar of the State Papers (Domestic) of the " misdemeanours committed by Arthur Bassano and other Her Majesty's musicians, at a place called Creechurch, Aldgate. Their violence and insolence towards the Recorder of London ". This was in September. A month later " Arthur Bassano and other Her Majesty's musicians had been committed to custody " and attention is drawn to the " insolence and opprobrious language of Arthur Bassano and his fellows to the Recorder of London ". And lastly in a similar sordid circumstance we read of " an affray between Mark Anthony Bassano and certain soldiers without Aldgate ; near the Bow. Opprobrious words uttered by Bassano against the soldiers, then on the point of departure for Flanders. Bassano in danger of being slain, the soldiers thinking him to be a Spaniard ". The spice of adventure belongs to those fellows as to their age.

That the court music was provided by men of action is suggested by numerous mentions of monopoly grants, such as one in 1619 to Alphonso Ferrabosco, Innocent Lanier and another musician " to cleanse the Thames of flats and shelves . . . and to sell the sand and grant they dig out ". Of the Laniers at Court between 1580 and 1620 we lose count ; they were legion. The most celebrated was Nicholas (1588-1666) who served Charles I in various offices. Not only did he become Master of the King's Musick, but he also was commissioned to buy pictures for the royal collection and to act as keeper of the king's miniatures. A man of considerable gifts and personal charm, who claimed the friendship not only of

Ben Jonson and Herrick, but of the king himself. Alphonso Ferrabosco had instructed Charles I in his youth together with his brother Henry; however, his reputation as an exponent of the *nuove musiche* was considerable. This Alphonso was actually the second bearer of a name once illustrious in court circles, though his father had definitely belonged to the old brigade and had achieved some notoriety by his amicable duels in contrapuntal exercise with William Byrd. Alphonso the younger was a man of the world and was fortunate in influential friends, as the following censorious extract from Burney testifies. The reference is to his Ayres, dedicated to Prince Henry and published in 1609.

Three herald minstrels ycleped Ben Jonson, T. Campion, and N. Tomkins, proclaimed the high worth and qualities of these Ayres in three encomiastic Copies of verses, prefixed to the work; but these friendly bards, who praise not with a very sparing hand, seem to have less exalted ideas of the author's merit and importance than himself.

The State Papers and other documents show that musicians of this type were at all events good company, and we shall see how the particular music in which they participated was but one aspect of their social geniality. For genial they were in comparison with their ecclesiastical counterparts.

The Tudors gave to life enthusiasm. Theirs were days when

wits were fresh and clear,  
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames.

Music was in the air and it adorned life at every turn. We need not even go to the poets to learn of the popular idealization of music and of its picturesqueness. Queen Elizabeth passed from Westminster to the Tower at her accession, and the chroniclers speak of how the "bachellers barge of the lord maiors companie" was in attendance "with great and pleasant melodie of instruments, which plaied in most sweet and heavenlie manner". London then must indeed have been a nest of singing birds. One day in 1558 the queen passed through the city and in certain places stood children, who made speeches to her as she passed; and in other places was singing and playing with regals. "And on the day before her Coronation near unto Fenchurch was erected a scaffold richely furnished whereon stooode a noyse of instruments, and a chylde in costly apparell, whiche was appoynted to welcome the Queenes Majestie in the hole cities behalfe". It matters little where we find the virgin queen, music attends her wherever she goes.

Laneham tells us how the Earl of Leicester, on the occasion of the royal and famous progress to Kenilworth in 1575, "caused his trumpettoourz, that stood uppon the wall of the gate thear, to sound up a tune of welcum". The royal train approaches and passes into the castle while "these armonious blasterz from the foreside of the gate at her Highnes entraunse whear they began; walking upon the wallz, untoo the inner; had this music maintained from them very delectably; while her Highnes all along the Tilt Yard rode unto the inner gate next the base coourt of the Castle".

Cardinal Wolsey's entertainment of Henry VIII was by drums and fifes, "but this", comments Burney, "was soft music compared with that of his heroic daughter Elizabeth, who, according to Henxner, used to be regaled during dinner with twelve trumpets, and two kettle drums, which together with fifes, cornets, and side drums, made the hall ring for half an hour together". More characteristic, this, than the slender refinement of virginal music. But of more artistic significance in Elizabeth's reign were the innumerable occasions on which music was employed not solely on utilitarian grounds. So often we find her subjects living in a little world of make-believe; and more often than not for the sole purpose of displaying their loyal affection. We are treated richly here in accounts which run from a natural and spontaneous poetic fancy. Entertainments at Norwich, at Worcester, at the Tilt Yard in Westminster, at Elvetham in Hampshire and many other parts of the country are recorded. The description of the Earl of Hertford's Entertainment in 1591 preserves the gracious charm of a day that is gone. "On Thursday morning, her Majestie was no sooner readie, and at her gallerie window looking into the garden, but there began three cornets to play certaine fantastik dances, at the measure whereof the Fayrey Queene came into the garden, dancing with her maides about her". After a loyal speech of welcome delivered by Titania herself she "and her maides daunced about the garland, singing a song of sixe parts with the musick of an excellent consort; wherein was the lute, bandora, base-violl, citterne, treble-violl and flute".<sup>(1)</sup> And later when her Majesty "passed through the parke gate there was a consort of musicians hidden in a bower".

About this and other similar performances lingers a summer freshness which is Elizabethan. Later Stuart diversions became stifled with erudition; but there comes a middle period when masquing reaches its hey-day, and a newer form of music emancipates

<sup>(1)</sup> Some of the music for this entertainment was written by Edward Johnson, formerly a colleague of Wilbye at Hengrave Hall.

itself from the limiting influence of madrigal, set dance and ordered ritual, whether of church or state. For this we have to thank James I and his excellent consort Anne of Denmark.

Masques of a sort had taken place during the three previous reigns, but stage-craft, poetry and music all reached a point in 1600 at which amalgamation was possible more or less on even terms. Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson we respect; and if we do not hold Ferrabosco and Coperario in the same veneration it is because their function has perhaps hitherto been misunderstood. The great men of the older and more respectable school appear from time to time in court dress, but mostly in connection with church music. But this closed an epoch. The court revels furnished novelty and while their music lacked the orderliness of traditional form it pointed possible channels through which future generations might direct their emotions. Of the solemn feasts of James's reign the most interesting was that given in his honour in 1607 by the Merchant Taylors' Company.

Upon either side of the Hall, in the windows near the upper end, were galleries or seats, made for music in either of which were seven singular choice musicians playing on their lutes, and in the ship, which did hang aloft in the hall, three rare men, and very skilful, who sang to his Majesty, and over the King, sonnets and loude musique wherein it is to be remembered that the multitude and noyse was so great, that the lutes and songs could hardly be heard or understood.

In the chamber where the King dined "were placed a very rich pair of organs, whereupon Mr. John Bull, Doctor of Music, and a Brother of this Company did play all the dinner time". Among the gentlemen who "did sing melodious songs at the said dinner"<sup>(1)</sup> were William Byrd, William Lawes, Elway Bevin and Orlando Gibbons. An earlier piece of pageantry which must have been impressive greeted King James and Queen Anne on their entry into the city in 1603. Our gossip writer in this case is Thomas Dekker. Close to the side of "St. Mildred's Church in the Poultererie" a scaffold had been erected

where, at the city's cost, to delight the Queen with her own country music, nine trumpets and a kettle-drum did very sprightly and actively sound the Danish march; whose cunning and quick steps by that time they had touched the last lady's ear in the train behold, the King was advanced up so hie as to Cheapside.

<sup>(1)</sup> The Minute Book of the Merchant Taylors' Company tells us that "Mr. Coperario" was paid £12 for the composition of the songs used on this occasion. Ben Jonson, who was Master of Ceremonies, received £20 for his labours.

Later in the proceedings, after a complimentary speech had been delivered by a chorister from St. Paul's, "his majesty," being ready to go on,

did most graciously feed the eyes of beholders with his presence, till a song was spent ; which to a loud and excellent music, composed of violins, and another rare artificiall instrument, wherein, besides sundry several sounds effused (all at one time) were also sensibly distinguished the chirpings of birds,<sup>(9)</sup> was by two boys delivered in sweet and ravishing voices.

This popular art heightened its intellectual and its imaginative appeal in the court masque, its direct descendant. It was natural that this art form should approach its zenith in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. A dramatic sense, nourished on miracle and mystery plays and impregnated with more exotic transalpine ideals, had united itself to the native flair for complimentary masquerade. While Ben Jonson satisfied the Englishman, Inigo Jones flattered him into believing his life to be one of fashionable culture. Jones had travelled widely and knew all the foreign fashions, while musicians nurtured abroad—natives like John Cooper, who returned from his peregrinations Giovanni Coperario—completed the illusion of cosmopolitanism. English music has always, fortunately, sustained itself independently of pedantry and has thrived the more. The carefree informality of James and his entourage made life a cheerful affair and the incorporation of music as a necessary adjunct to regal dignity must have given the court composers a sense of purpose and a sense of practical utility. General enthusiasm encouraged creation and the general level of sensibility was high, despite the comic Philistinism of the reigning monarch. As little rigid ceremony attended the masque as a school concert and James yawned through the proceedings with the bored benevolence of a senior pedagogue. Once he and his brother-in-law, Christian of Denmark, spent an evening deeper in their potations than discretion decreed, and the masque was interrupted while two distressingly somnolent kings were carried away to bed. Bacon's "these things are toys to come amongst such serious observations" savours of sententiousness: Chesterton would have urged that such toys awaken the eternal child and preserve young spirits and therefore are worthy of honour. High seriousness had had its place in music for long enough and it was a new and legitimate delight for composers to turn "fools, satyrs, baboons, wild-men, antics,

<sup>(9)</sup> Dallam made an organ, which would answer to this description, presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Sultan of Turkey.

beasts, spirits, witches, Ethiops, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving and the like" into musical imagery.

The breakdown of classicism was caused by a desire for musical suggestiveness which found its first outlet through picturesque drama, and similarly we find the stately abstractness of early counterpoint gradually superseded in popular favour by the coloured excitement evoked by poetic fantasy. Because they followed a great age, Adson,<sup>(4)</sup> Johnson, Lanier and their colleagues have never received their due, though this was probably caused by the failure of their fair hopes to come to full fruition. Experience should have found riper talent, but civil strife intervened and the great period of court music thus ended. William Lawes, like other musicians, grateful for royal favour, turned soldier and fell at Chester in 1645. Charles I was an art lover and a gracious man, and it was nothing histrionic which led him to don a particular mourning for this musician who was his friend.

Our link with the masquers is Henry Purcell. He reflects often the ideas and methods of the earlier school, and we may assume that transcriptions of many courtly masquing airs came his way. Campion's 'Squires' Masque' of 1613 has a salty flavour in 'Come ashore, come merry mates',<sup>(5)</sup> which foreshadows the nautical music of 'Dido and Æneas'. Purcell's witches show spiritual kinship with those of the 'Masque of Queens' (1609), where the music was by Robert Johnson.<sup>(6)</sup> This music was also used most probably in a 'Macbeth' revival in the same year. Robert Johnson heralds Purcell in many ways: his 'Tempest' music is spirited and dramatic, while his fairies and satyrs dances for the 'Masque of Oberon' (1610) show a hand skilled in inventing appropriate strains and appropriate rhythms. Johnson's airs from this masque graced the 'Winter's Tale' (1610). The sweetness of his fairy music is not so far removed in spirit from that of 'The Fairy Queen': only in technique. The grotesque has its place in the monkey dances of this opera, and this is paralleled by a piece which accompanied the apes who danced fantastically in Chapman's 'Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn Masque' of 1613.

<sup>(4)</sup> Adson published in 1611 'Courtly Masquing Airs', re-issued in 1621. He is represented in B.M. Add. 10444 and contributed dances to 'Hymenaei', performed at the marriage of the Earl of Essex (1606).

<sup>(5)</sup> Coperario.

<sup>(6)</sup> Robert Johnson is one of the most interesting members of their school. He was successively lutenist to Sir George Carey, to James I, musician to Prince Henry, to Charles I and composer for lutes and voices. He died *circa* 1633. His music (see Add. MSS. 10444, 29396, Wilson's 'Cheerful Ayres', 1610) is interesting because of his association with the Shakespearean stage. Of the composers of this period he seems to possess the most dramatic interest.

Royalty stimulated artistic adventure and lent to art the glamour of romance. Picturesque ages gave variegated hues to music sober and monochromatic, and a lively association with active works benefited its creators. "Fire, colour, and passion have always been attributes of the classic English school", and it was, according to Mr. Constant Lambert, Elgar who brought these qualities back for us. May this not be due in part to the association of a musical nature with stately pomp and circumstance? We have strength and virility in our tradition and this must once have sounded through the proud trumpet calls of those who first made our royal music.

## AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF MOZART

BY EMILY ANDERSON

ONE by one, at long intervals, there come to light new letters of Mozart and the originals of those letters which are to be found in a shortened and frequently garbled form in Nissen's and Jahn's biographies and in the collections of Ludwig Nohl and Gustav Nottebohm. The present letter to his father,<sup>(1)</sup> now in the possession of Frau Maria Floersheim-Koch, who has generously allowed me to publish it, is of great interest, not only on account of the period to which it belongs, but also because it helps to solve a problem which so far has baffled all students of Mozart's operas.

The letter is written on the first two sides of a folded sheet and the postscript at the top of the third side. The fourth side, which forms the cover, bears the following address :

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Monsieur Leopold de Mozart  
maitre de chapelle de S.A.R.  
L'archeveque de et à  
Salzbourg.

The words and phrases enclosed in square brackets are in cypher in the original. After the accession of Hieronymus Colloredo to the Archbishopric of Salzburg in March 1772 (and indeed intermittently during the reign of his predecessor), the Mozart family made occasional use of a simple substitution cypher (certain letters of the alphabet being replaced by others) in order to be able to express their opinions freely. They adopted this device because they had good reason for believing that before their letters were delivered the Salzburg post office sent them to the Archbishop's residence for inspection.<sup>(2)</sup>

<sup>(1)</sup> Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., who are publishing my edition of the Letters of Mozart and his family in the course of the year.

<sup>(2)</sup> That this suspicion was well founded is proved by an incident described in a letter hitherto unpublished from Leopold Mozart to his daughter, January 19th, 1786. See Deutsch-Paumgartner, 'Leopold Mozarts Briefe an seine Tochter.' 1936. pp. 241f.

Vienne ce 5 de Juliet 1783.

Mon tres cher Père !

Wir danken beyde für das gebett welches sie wegen der glücklichen Entbindung meiner frau zu gott geschickt haben.—der Raymundl sieht mir so gleich, dass es alle leute gleich sagen ;—es ist als wenn er mir aus dem gesicht geschnitten wäre, welches meinem lieben Weiberl das grösste Vergnügen macht, indemm sie sich das immer gewünscht hat.—er ist nun künftigen Dienstag 3 wochen alt, und ist zum Verwundern gewachsen.—Wegen der oper haben sie mir einen Rath gegeben, den ich mir selbst schon gab.—Da ich aber gerne langsam und mit überlegung arbeite, so glaubte ich nicht zu frühe anfangen zu können.—es hat mir izt ein wälscher Poet hier ein buch gebracht, welches ich vielleicht nehmen werde, wenn er es nach meinem Sinn zuschnitteln will.—ich zweifle nicht dass wir im monath September gewiss reisen können ;—und sie können sich wohl vorstellen, dass wir beyde nichts so sehnlich wünschen als sie beyde zu umarmen ; nur, kann ich ihnen nicht verhehlen, sondern muss ihnen aufrichtig bekennen, dass ich durch viele leute hier so bange gemacht werde, dass es nicht zu sagen ist ; —*sie wissen schon warum* ;—ich mag einwenden was ich will, man erwidert ;—*Nun, sie werden sehen, sie [kommen nicht mehr weg]* ;—*sie glauben nicht zu was [dieser schlechte boshafte fürst fähig ist]* !—*sie kennen auch die [Pfiffe] bei dergleichen affairen [nicht]*.—*ich rathe ihnen—[kommen sie mit ihrem Hr. Vatern] in einem [dritten ort zusammen]*.—sehen sie, das ist es was mich und meine Frau bishero beunruhiget hat, und noch beängstiget.—oft denke ich mir, ey, es kann nicht so seyn !—dann fällt mir gleich wieder ein, dass es doch so seyn könnte, und dass es nicht die [erste Ungerechtigkeit] wäre, die man [ausgeübt] hat.—Basta !—in dieser sache kann mich kein Mensch trösten, als sie mein bester Vatter !—und ich, für meine Person würde mir noch sehr wenig darausmachen, denn ich wäre in alles zu schicken—allein—wenn ich an meine frau—und an mein Raymundl denke—dann kann ich nicht mehr gleichgültig dabey seyn !—überlegen sie es ;—können sie mir Versicherung geben, dass ich [keine gefahr laufe]—desto mehr freude werden wir beyde haben—wo nicht—so müssen wir auf mittel denken—eins wäre mir das liebste !—und das werde ich ihnen (nachdem ich antwort von ihnen erhalten habe) schreiben ;—ich glaube um ein grosses Vergnügen zu genießen—lässt sich schon auch etwas—entbehren—es ist Ja die gröste glückseligkeit nicht ohne Mangel—leben sie indessen wohl—sorgen sie für ihre gesundheit—wir küssen ihnen beyde die Hände, und umarmen unsere liebe Schwester von herzen und sind Ewig dero

gehorsamste kinder

W : C : MOZARD.<sup>(2)</sup>

PS.—sie müssen deswegen nicht unterlassen den Varesco zu betreiben, wer weis ob mir die opera des wälschen Poeten gefällt.—

Adieu.

<sup>(2)</sup> After his marriage to Constanze Weber, Mozart's letters to his father and to his sister bear almost without exception this double signature.

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ONE by one, at long intervals, there come to light new letters of Mozart and the originals of those letters which are to be found in a shortened and frequently garbled form in Nissen's and Jahn's biographies and in the collections of Ludwig Nohl and Gustav Nottebohm. The present letter to his father,<sup>(1)</sup> now in the possession of Frau Maria Floersheim-Koch, who has generously allowed me to publish it, is of great interest, not only on account of the period to which it belongs, but also because it helps to solve a problem which so far has baffled all students of Mozart's operas.

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PS.—sie müssen deswegen nicht unterlassen den Varesco zu betreiben, wer weis ob mir die opera des wälschen Poeten gefällt.—

Adieu.

(3) After his marriage to Constanze Weber, Mozart's letters to his father and to his sister bear almost without exception this double signature.

(Translation)

Mon tres cher Père !

Vienne ce 5 de Juillet, 1783.

We both thank you for the prayer you made to God for the safe delivery of my wife. Little Raimund is so like me that everyone immediately remarks it. It is just as if my face had been copied. My dear little wife is absolutely delighted, as this is what she had always desired. Next Tuesday he will be three weeks old and he has grown in an astonishing manner. As for the opera, you have given me a piece of advice which I had already given myself. But as I prefer to work slowly and with deliberation, I thought that I could not begin too soon. An Italian poet here has now brought me a libretto which I shall perhaps adopt, if he agrees to trim and adjust it in accordance with my wishes. I feel sure that we shall be able to set out in September ; and indeed you can well imagine that our most ardent longing is to embrace you both. Yet I cannot conceal from you, but must confess quite frankly that many people here are alarming me to such an extent that I cannot describe it. *You already know what it is all about.* However much I protest I am told : *"Well, you will see, you will [never get away again]. You have no idea of what [that wicked, malevolent Prince is capable] ! And you [cannot] conceive what [low tricks] are resorted to in affairs of this kind. Take my advice and [meet your father] in some [third place]."* This, you see, is what has been worrying my wife and me up to the present and what is still perturbing us. I often say to myself : *"Nonsense, it's quite impossible !"* But the next moment it occurs to me that after all it might be possible and that it would not be the [first injustice] which he has [committed]. Basta ! In this matter no one can comfort me but you, my most beloved father ! And as far as I am concerned whatever happened would not worry me very much, for I can now adapt myself to any circumstances. But when I think of my wife and my little Raimund, then my indifference ceases. Think it over. If you can give me an assurance that I shall be [running no risk], we shall both be overjoyed. If not, then we must hit on some plan ; and there is one which I should prefer above all others ! As soon as I receive your reply, I shall tell you about it. I am convinced that if one is to enjoy a great pleasure, one must forgo something. Why ! In the greatest happiness there is always something lacking. Meanwhile, farewell. Take care of your health. We both kiss your hands and embrace our dear sister with all our hearts and are ever

your most obedient children

W : C : MOZARD.

PS.—This does not mean that you are to give up prodding Varesco. Who knows whether I shall like the opera of the Italian poet ?

Adieu.

The letter was probably written from Mozart's quarters on the first floor of a house Auf dem Judenplatz 244 (now No. 3), to which he and Constanze had moved early in May 1783, and where their first child, Raimund Leopold, was born on June 17th. During the parents' visit to Salzburg, which lasted from the beginning of August until the end of October, the child was boarded out at a

home for infants, where on August 19th it died of convulsions.<sup>(4)</sup> Mozart and Constanze only heard of their loss when they returned to Vienna early in November.

The "opera" to which Mozart refers is his unfinished work 'L'oca del Cairo' (K.422), for which Abbate Giambattista Varesco, court chaplain in Salzburg and the librettist of Mozart's Munich opera 'Idomeneo' (K.366, 1781), had supplied the plan and was now writing the text. Leopold Mozart had doubtless urged his son to wait until the whole libretto was finished or to postpone the composition of the music until his forthcoming visit to Salzburg would give him an opportunity of discussing the text with its author.

The allusion, however, to "an Italian poet" who has brought him a libretto and the repetition of this allusion in the postscript are of real significance. Encouraged by the outstanding success of his 'Entführung aus dem Serail' and by the prospect of a restoration of Italian opera in Vienna, Mozart had been searching frantically for a suitable libretto for his next operatic venture, the more so as Count Rosenberg himself had suggested to him that he should write an Italian opera. He had ordered the latest *opere buffe* from Italy and had asked his father for the address in Verona of their old friend Lugiati.<sup>(5)</sup> Further, he had urged him to obtain a selection of libretti from Luigi Gatti, the newly appointed Salzburg court *Kapellmeister*. At the same time Mozart was convinced that German opera would eventually be restored and believed whole-heartedly in its future. He had therefore chosen Goldoni's comedy 'Il servitore di due padroni' and had even found a German translator, Baron Binder,<sup>(6)</sup> who actually finished translating the first act. But nothing came of this plan.<sup>(7)</sup> Then, in a letter to his father of May 7th, 1783, we suddenly find Mozart announcing that the Italian opera is again in full swing and speaking highly of a new *basso buffo* from Venice, Francesco Benucci.<sup>(8)</sup> He goes on to say:

I have looked through at least a hundred libretti and more, but I have hardly found a single one with which I am satisfied; that is to say, so many alterations would have to be made here and there, that even if a poet would undertake to make them, it would be easier for him to write

<sup>(4)</sup> See E. K. Blüml, 'Aus Mozarts Freundes-und Familienkreis,' 1923, pp. 3-5.

<sup>(5)</sup> Pietro Lugiati (1730-1802), Receiver-General of Venice. During the Mozarts' stay at Verona in January 1770 Lugiati arranged for Mozart's portrait to be painted (the so-called "Verona" portrait by Cignaroli).

<sup>(6)</sup> It has not been possible to identify this person.

<sup>(7)</sup> Saint-Foix, 'W. A. Mozart,' Vol. III, p. 389 n., suggests that the arias K.433, 435, composed for bass and tenor respectively, may have some connection with this project.

<sup>(8)</sup> Benucci created the part of Figaro in Mozart's opera.

a completely new text—which indeed it is always best to do. Our poet here is now a certain Abbate Da Ponte. He has an enormous amount to do in revising pieces for the theatre and he has to write *per obbligo* an entirely new libretto for Salieri, which will take him two months. He has promised after that to write a new libretto for me. But who knows whether he will be able to keep his word—or will want to? For, as you are aware, these Italian gentlemen are very civil to your face. Enough, we know them!

Although Mozart makes no reference in subsequent letters to Lorenzo Da Ponte, nor indeed to any librettist with the exception of Varesco, this new letter of July 3rd suggests that Da Ponte was as good as his word and that, after finishing 'Il ricco d'un giorno' for Salieri,<sup>(9)</sup> he did actually write a "new libretto" for Mozart. This was 'Lo sposo deluso' (K. 430), for which Mozart composed the overture, an introductory quartet and a trio, and for which he sketched two arias,<sup>(10)</sup> but which he abandoned more quickly than 'L'oca del Cairo', as he had derived no doubt but little inspiration from the subject. There was no other "Italian poet" in Vienna at that time. The veteran *poeta cesareo*, Metastasio, had died during the previous year and Abbate Giambattista Casti, Da Ponte's famous rival for the Emperor's favour, did not arrive in Vienna until April 1784. Doubtless Mozart had forgotten that he had already told his father of his meeting with Da Ponte, which according to the latter's account took place at the house of Baron Wetzlar, the composer's friend and admirer.<sup>(11)</sup> Finally Dr. Alfred Einstein, on the strength of the exhaustive study of Italian comedy in the eighteenth century which he has made in connection with the preparation of the third edition of Köchel's catalogue of Mozart's works, strongly supports this view and is convinced that this new letter has settled the question as to who was the librettist of 'Lo sposo deluso'.<sup>(12)</sup>

<sup>(9)</sup> It was performed on December 6th, 1784.

<sup>(10)</sup> A copy of the libretto (in which Mozart has entered the names of the singers, which include Benucci and Signora Fisher, *née* Anna Storace) and the autograph of his music are in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin. The entry of Anna (or Nancy) Storace's name as Signora Fisher, who, as far as can be ascertained, married John Abraham Fisher (1744-1806), English violinist and composer, in Vienna early in 1784, suggests that Mozart did not settle down to the composition of 'Lo sposo deluso' until 1784. Moreover Saint-Foix in 'W. A. Mozart', Vol. III, which deals with Mozart's works from 1777 until the beginning of 1784, does not mention 'Lo sposo deluso', although he discusses his operatic plans of 1783.

<sup>(11)</sup> See 'Memoirs of Lorenzo Da Ponte', translated by L. A. Sheppard. 1929. p. 127.

<sup>(12)</sup> Jahn in his biography of Mozart (1st edition, 1856-9. Vol. IV, p. 172), while stating that the author of the libretto is unknown, suggests in a footnote that Mozart's text was the same as that of an opera by a certain Cavaliere Pado, which was performed at Padua in 1787. Abert, 'W. A. Mozart', II, p. 107, repeats this suggestion without comment. According to Dr. A. Einstein there is no trace of this libretto.

Lastly, the letter provides fresh evidence of Mozart's real fear that, as he had never been formally discharged from the Archbishop's service, he might be arrested on his arrival in Salzburg, an anxiety which he had already expressed in a letter to his father of May 21st, 1783, adding that "Herr von Edelbach<sup>(13)</sup> and Baron Wetzlar<sup>(14)</sup> have confirmed my suspicion" and suggesting Munich as a place for their meeting. Apparently his father considered this precaution unnecessary, for in a letter to him written a week later, July 12th, 1783, Mozart declares that his mind is now completely at rest and that he and Constanze intend to come to Salzburg in August or September.

<sup>(13)</sup> It has not been possible to identify this person.

<sup>(14)</sup> Baron Raimund Wetzlar von Plankenstern (1752-1810) was a wealthy Jew, in whose house at the Hohe Brücke 412 (now no. 17) Mozart and his wife lived from December 1782 to March 1783. He was godfather to their first child, Raimund Leopold, and appears to have helped them financially.

## WAGNER AND JUDITH GAUTIER

BY ROBERT L. JACOBS

AN effusive but nevertheless observant literary young lady, who with her husband and a third party visited Triebtschen, pleased Wagner and Cosima, drew them out, and afterwards wrote a book of memoirs vividly describing the idyllic atmosphere of the place, the depth of Wagner's happiness, his irritating, fascinating personality: so, until quite recently, the Wagner student could have summed up Judith Gautier. Apart from the book she wrote, he could have assumed that she had had little significance. In the Wagner literature she was barely mentioned as a visitor to Triebtschen and Bayreuth, as the recipient of one or two unimportant letters and as the author of the said memoirs—sometimes of a quoted purple passage. She was a friend, and a good reporter, it seemed, and that was about all.

Until, that is, in 1932 Guy de Pourtalès's biography appeared, with its excerpts from a collection of love-letters to her which Wagner wrote during the first Bayreuth festival, and afterwards during the genesis of 'Parsifal'. For various reasons these letters, after Judith's death in 1917, had remained inaccessible in private hands until 1931, when, together with a collection of some others to Judith's husband and some joint ones, they were lodged in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris,<sup>(1)</sup> where Pourtalès *en passant* squeezed the essence out of them—which was all he had time for, as he was not writing for students. Full justice was only paid to Judith in 1935, when all Wagner's letters to her were included, with painstaking editorial comment, in Tiersot's publication: 'Les Lettres françaises de Richard Wagner'.<sup>(2)</sup> Now, last year, German scholar-

<sup>(1)</sup> It was Judith's wish, expressed to her god-daughter, that after her death the letters should pass to the Bibliothèque Nationale; but as she omitted to mention the matter in her will, they passed instead into private hands. In 1932 they were on the point of being put up for sale, when the god-daughter intervened. They had already been discussed by Henri de Régnier, who was a personal friend of Judith, in the 'Temps' in 1925, and by Barthou, the recently assassinated French Premier, an ardent Wagnerian, in an able article in the 'Revue de Paris' in 1932 (39th year, Nos. 15 and 16, August 1st and 15th).

<sup>(2)</sup> Published by Bernard Grasset, Paris. Neither this work nor Pourtalès's biography was reviewed in the leading London musical periodicals; no doubt they were lost sight of in the swarm of books on Wagner in recent years.

ship atoned for its long neglect by putting them into a separate book, translated and re-edited, together with a comprehensive, balanced, searching study of every issue arising from them, whether directly or remotely.<sup>(3)</sup> We have now the elements with which to form for ourselves a picture of Wagner's strange, suggestive, rather touching, not unimportant relationship with Judith Gautier.

Judith was born in 1850, the daughter of Théophile Gautier and Ernestine Grisi, a member of the famous Grisi family. She spent her childhood—since her father disapproved of systematic schooling—"comme un petit chien qu'on laisse courir sur la table", as he put it to the Goncourts.<sup>(4)</sup> Running riot in his library, studying astronomy, modelling, learning to speak and write Chinese from a Mandarin living in the house, she thrived. While still in her teens she made an analysis of one of Baudelaire's Edgar Allan Poe translations so brilliant that her father had it published. In 1867, when she was only seventeen, she made her artistic début with 'Le Livre de Jade', a set of Chinese lyrics exquisitely rendered in free verse, informed by that nostalgia for the exotic orient, typically French romantic, which was to direct and pervade nearly all her writing.

"C'est la plus étonnante créature du monde", Gautier told the Goncourts further; "un cerveau merveilleux, mais un cerveau n'ayant aucune corrélation avec sa personne, sa conduite, son état, et son esprit dans la vie"<sup>(5)</sup>. "Dans la vie" she was an "ouragan": so he nicknamed her. And so she depicts herself in her charming childhood reminiscences<sup>(6)</sup>: not as an introverted little blue-stocking, but as a little girl who liked to play with boys, aggressive and eager in all things, full of *joie de vivre*, full of gusto. In her person the prodigy had inherited the vivid beauty of her mother's family: the coral lips, ivory skin, roguish eyes, tumbling hair. And yet withal she had the look of a poet: the eyes were deeply set and elusive, and there was something original, mysterious, primeval, sphinx-like, Greek (it depended on one's choice of images) about the lovely straight slope of the line of her nose and forehead. "Tu l'as exécutée, à ce qu'il me semble, sur le modèle de ton rêve, car elle a l'air d'une petite fille grecque", said Baudelaire to her father, when introduced to the little girl.<sup>(7)</sup> And some years later the

<sup>(3)</sup> 'Richard Wagner an Judith Gautier.' Herausgegeben von Willi Schuh. (Rotapfel-Verlag, Erlenbach-Zürich und Leipzig.)

<sup>(4)</sup> J. & E. de Goncourt, 'Journal', vol. v, p. 18. (Paris, 1935.)

<sup>(5)</sup> Ibid, vol. iii, p. 200-1.

<sup>(6)</sup> Judith Gautier, 'Le Collier des Jours' and 'Le Second Rang du Collier'. (Paris, 1902-3.)

<sup>(7)</sup> 'Le Collier des Jours', p. 241.

Goncourts described her thus, having met her in the street one day :

Dans une fourrure de plumes, la fille de Théophile Gautier est belle, d'une beauté étrange. Son teint d'une blancheur à peine rosée, sa bouche découpée, comme un bouche de primitif, sur l'ivoire de larges dents, ses traits purs et comme sommeillants, ses grands yeux, où des cils d'animal, des cils durs et semblables à des petites épingles noires n'adouçissent pas d'une pénombre le regard, donnent à la léthargique créature l'indéfinissable et le mystérieux d'une femme-sphinx d'une chair, d'une matière, dans laquelle il n'y aurait pas de nerfs modernes. . . .<sup>(8)</sup>

Naturally the daughter of a Grisi and of an "âme sensible" like Théophile Gautier was musical. She seems to have been, on the one hand, more sensitized than her mother, on the other more purely musical than her father. She discovered music haphazardly picking out at the piano Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance', she tells us—suddenly she realized for what her teachers had fought their losing battles. Now she steeped herself in the German classics, playing the symphonies as duets and frowning upon her mother's Italian preferences. One day she played through the overture to 'The Flying Dutchman'—and that was another revelation. Hearing Wagner she felt "as at the edge of an abyss, of which it was certain I would have to touch the bottom : it was a vertigo of the spirit".<sup>(9)</sup>

She married, at the age of eighteen, a kindred Wagnerian spirit, Catulle Mendès, the editor of the 'Revue Fantaisiste', whose enthusiasm in the terrible 'Tannhäuser' days had been such that he had invited Wagner to contribute to his paper.<sup>(10)</sup> Wagnerian controversy in those days was breath to Judith's nostrils : not only did the "ouragan" roundly attack a study of Gluck and Wagner by an old friend of the family ; she wrote a series of articles about the Wagner fragments performed at the Padeloup concerts, and posted them off to Wagner himself for correction. The charming reply she received, printed in her memoirs, emboldened her to try and beard the great one at Triebtschen. In 1869 she sent him "a rather complicated letter" : might she, her husband and the poet

<sup>(8)</sup> J. & E. de Goncourt, 'Journal', vol. ii, p. 82.

<sup>(9)</sup> 'Le Second Rang du Collier' (1903), p. 178.

<sup>(10)</sup> For Gautier too, as for others in that romantic circle—Baudelaire, Gérard de Nerval, Gustave Doré—Wagner had a strong appeal, the sort of appeal he usually has for people with more sensibility than faculty for music. Gautier had been the first French critic to acclaim 'Tannhäuser' and was very proud of the fact. He had heard it in Wiesbaden some years before the Paris production and written at length of the poem ; of the music he had said that it was by no means the wild stuff it was reputed to be, but full of fugues and canons and that Wagner "s'abstient de moduler". Evidently he had been hopelessly relying—as he used to at the operas which he was obliged to discuss in his weekly article on the theatre in the 'Moniteur'—on opinions picked up during the interval.

Villiers de l'Isle Adam, another Wagnerian, pay their respects on their way to the International Exhibition of Art at Munich, which they would be attending that summer? The answer was affirmative. They stayed in Lucerne for about a fortnight and apparently spent nearly every day with Wagner, listening to his opinions, his woes, his jokes, making excursions, listening to 'Siegfried'. Cosima, herself a Parisian, felt at home with Judith and made her her confidante. Wagner played a duet with her, praised her *tremolo*, presented her with a manuscript, and even forgave her—and this required some forgiving—an article, which unluckily someone had sent to him, entitled 'Richard Wagner chez lui', written by her on the quiet, "non sans appréhension", for a French journal.

The Serovs, old friends of Wagner, visited Triebtschen during the fortnight and were astonished, by no means agreeably, at his intimacy with these French visitors. No doubt just because he had suffered so much hostility in France, he took especial pleasure in their partisanship; no doubt too he found their Gallic demonstrativeness, cleverness and high spirits refreshing. And perhaps, even then, there was a certain element in his feeling for Judith. One day he surprised her standing on the threshold of his study, she tells us,

... contemplating the piano, the scattered sheets, where the ink was scarcely dry, agitated to the last degree by the human details of the thing that seemed to me so completely superhuman. And I was overcome, almost to suffocation, by hearing suddenly close by my side the voice and the laugh of him who seemed to me, as I looked back through the ages, to stand with Homer, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, and to be the one I would still have acclaimed as the greatest of all.<sup>(11)</sup>

"What an enthusiast you are!" cried he. "You must take care; or your health will suffer." He spoke jestingly, but the soft light in his eyes told me much that his laugh disguised.

His eyes told her that he was touched by her homage, Judith implies. But might they not have told her more? "What an enthusiast you are! You must take care, or your health will suffer": one can imagine the words delivered with a certain, half-conscious intake of breath, tone of voice and expression of eye whose sense might well have escaped the beautiful enthusiast. Wagner, after all, was used to homage.

Be that as it may, the relationship remained for some time one of pure friendship. At the end of the fortnight the "chère trinité", as Wagner called the three, departed for their exhibition at Munich,

<sup>(11)</sup> Some of these translations are quoted from 'Wagner at Home', the third volume of 'Le Collier', translated by Effie Dunreith Massie (London, 1910); others are my own.

where they met Liszt, Richter and other Wagnerians and got caught up in the swirl of agitation about Ludwig's botched production of 'The Rhinegold'. Richter resigned his post of conductor, so dreadful was the scenery, and Wagner travelled up to reinstate him and somehow improve matters. Judith saw him just after his conversation with the authorities "in a peculiar state of mind, ironically gay, satirical, full of jokes, but calm, without any trace of anger". Not only did they repudiate Richter, he told her, "but again they drive me away from Munich. I am, it appears, a public menace and my life is in danger. It is terrible! The poor counsellor was quite distracted about it. . . ."

"La chère trinité" broke their home-journey to spend a few more days at Tribschen, description of which closes the memoirs, and then the friendship was continued by correspondence, Cosima writing to Judith,<sup>(12)</sup> Wagner writing now separately to Mendès, now to them jointly—cordial circumstantial letters. There was a concert project of Mendès to be turned down—concert-giving he could consider only with "la résignation d'un qui fait les préparatifs pour son enterrement"; a free hand to be granted to Mendès to translate what works of his he pleased; accounts of the gratifying Brussels production of 'Lohengrin' to be acknowledged; the publication in Paris of open letters to be arranged for. Judith is especially remembered: "Adieu, chers amis. Je vous embrasse tous—même Madame Mendès si elle le souffre!"

The following year the three journeyed to Weimar for the Beethoven festival and some model Wagner, to Munich (where in deference to the master they did not attend 'The Valkyrie', still more shameful than last year's 'Rhinegold'), and once again to Tribschen, where the Franco-Prussian War overtook them. Their friendship survived the shock—perhaps not so easily, for although they agreed to steer clear of the subject and concentrate on art, Wagner had to make it clear how much he hated "dieses französische Wesen",<sup>(13)</sup> and perhaps still less easily afterwards, when Wagner wrote to Mendès and Judith one of those tremendously tactless letters of his, exhorting them to douse the melancholy of their defeat in "la cure hydropathique de la philosophie", to accept it as a Nemesis upon French "sentimentalités", "fausse logique", Parisian metropolitanism, upon the spirit that acknowledges only "le présent, l'actualité" (accept it, in fact, as a downfall of the values opposed to his own genuine, supra-rational, racial German art; he was writing his 'Beethoven'

<sup>(12)</sup> Cosima's letters have also been deposited in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

<sup>(13)</sup> Du Moulin Eckardt, 'Cosima Wagner' (Berlin, 1929), p. 505.

at the time). He admitted that these considerations might be ill-timed ; but so in their place would he have consoled himself, and " je voulais vous dire un mot qui puisse vous délivrer de l'état de triste souffrance dans lequel je vous vois "—a maddening letter ! And then another to deplore the misguided French patriotism that would not recognize that the war was " une invasion cruellement méditée et seulement prévenue par ceux auxquels elle a été méditée " !

They survived this, but ' A Capitulation ', Wagner's deplorable little bit of fun at the expense of conquered Paris, was too much for Mendès. It was published in 1873. After the letter he received that year—the next in the collection, others since 1870 not having been preserved <sup>(14)</sup>—pressing him and Judith to come to Bayreuth soon, ordering some oriental literature, he severed his relation with Wagner. Villiers de l'Isle Adam had already passed out, it is not clear why (perhaps Wagner had not listened politely enough to the " verwerfliche ", rhetorical poetry Villiers had insisted on reading to him at Triebtschen in 1870).<sup>(15)</sup> Of " la chère trinité " only Judith remained faithful, corresponding with Cosima—albeit less frequently as time passed—and in August 1876 making the pilgrimage to Bayreuth to hear the ' Ring ' and once more pay homage to its creator.

In the little study of Wagner she brought out in 1882, ' Richard Wagner et son œuvre poétique ', she gives a description of that visit. The sight of the theatre on the hill, of that concrete consummation of a great life-work, prostrated her : she wept, she felt an almost religious emotion. But this was not all. Unlike other visitors, unlike Nietzsche, for instance, who only saw a Napoleon blindly devouring his triumph, she was haunted by the realization that for Wagner this Bayreuth was more than a consummation ; that it was the beginning of a new adventure, a new dream.

Wahnfried ! [she cries] that word, full of vague melancholy, that haunting, almost untranslatable word—it means approximately ' the illusion of peace '. . . . How could a spirit like his, urged irresistibly forever onward and upward, find peace ? What illusion, what madness thus to mark the goal, to carve the tomb and dig the grave, with so many desires still fermenting, so many latent visions to be awaited and then discarded in their turn.

" Wo mein Wähnen Friede fand " : so Wagner had interpreted " Wahnfried ", but Judith knew better. She *knew* : the desires she writes of, " still fermenting ", and the visions, " to be awaited

<sup>(14)</sup> ' Richard Wagner an Judith Gautier ', p. 70.

<sup>(15)</sup> Du Moulin Eckart, ' Cosima Wagner ', p. 506.

and then discarded in their turn", had been bared to her, had invoked her, Judith Gautier. These words, for instance, Wagner had written to her from "Wahnfried" on the evening of September 4th: <sup>(16)</sup>

Chère,

Je suis triste. Il y a réception encore ce soir, mais je ne descend pas. Je relis quelques pages de ma vie, dictées autrefois à Cosima. Elle se sacrifie aux habitudes de son père—hélas!

Aurais-je vous pour la dernière fois embrassé ce matin?

Non!—je vous reverrai! Je le veux—puisque je vous aime!—

Adieu! Soyez bonne pour moi.

R. W.

That is all we know. What other words Wagner wrote, what she replied, what passed between them, we can only infer from allusions in subsequent letters of his. Hers have all disappeared—burnt, probably, with the others in Cosima's conflagration. Naturally she allowed no hint to creep into her writings—the passage just quoted is the nearest approach to one. When questioned after Wagner's death, so Barthou <sup>(17)</sup> tells us, she denied to the opposite sex that she had been his mistress, but took a coquettish pleasure in letting other women suspect her attachment to the great man. Like Barthou and Schuh, the editor of 'Richard Wagner an Judith Gautier', we may prefer to credit her denial, not however, as they do, simply on the evidence of Wagner's allusions, but because she seems to us the last woman to have had a passing affair with a man. The precocious child, the "ouragan", developed into an introvert and dreamer; her mind, her imagination, once so astonishingly apart from her actual being, in the end dominated it. She came to feel for mundane realities, even for the fate of the writings in which she dreamed, a "polite indifference" she once pitied Wagner for lacking. Nearly all European art, compared to her beloved Oriental, seemed to her "slightly absurd" <sup>(18)</sup>. "Elle passe sur cette terre comme une belle étrangère", wrote an admirer, "elle ne connaît que sa pensée, n'y voit que son rêve" <sup>(19)</sup>. She parted from her husband in 1873, and though she may have loved, she never married again. She lived high up on a fifth floor and whiled away her life, so it seemed, writing, sewing, painting, modelling, fashioning now an ingenious fancy clock, now a

<sup>(16)</sup> Apart from the correction of one or two glaring slips of Wagner's, the letters are given as they stand in Tiersot's publication, their various Teutonisms and inaccuracies unaltered.

<sup>(17)</sup> See note p. 134. Barthou's statement is quoted in 'Richard Wagner an Judith Gautier', p. 76.

<sup>(18)</sup> Rémy de Gourmont, 'Judith Gautier', p. 17 (Paris, 1904).

<sup>(19)</sup> Robert de Bonnières, 'Mémoires d'aujourd'hui', vol. ii, p. 314 (Paris, 1883-8).

marionette theatre, and talking and reading Chinese, Japanese and Persian with Chinese, Japanese and Persians. Her ivory tower was "une académie asiatique".<sup>(80)</sup> Out of her great knowledge she wove her literary fantasies, in a style—in Rémy de Gourmont's view—of classic purity, evoking "les visions les plus précises en même temps qu'il évoque toutes de rêves informulés".<sup>(81)</sup> She never visited the east; she had no wish to put her dreams to the test. She never lived beyond them, and so never excelled her early works, which Anatole France praised for their "fierté sauvage", their "imagination héroïque et pur", their "je ne sais quoi de noble et divinément enfantin".<sup>(82)</sup>

Wagner was one of the few European artists dear to her. She could publish her memoirs of him in 1909 as a pendant, 'Le troisième Rang du Collier', to her two previous volumes of intimate childhood recollections, so dear was he. He belonged to that part of her later life—a small part, it would seem, for she wrote no other reminiscences—which, in de Gourmont's words, was "là, tout près devant ses yeux, . . . récent"; the rest, he said, was "très loin, là-bas, . . . ancien".<sup>(83)</sup> The Wagner "before her eyes" was the genius she had watched from a distance, the great composer, whose music had wonderfully expressed her giddiest desires—not the plain man looking to her, and inviting her to look to him, for the fulfilment of that which he had expressed.

That Wagner—as far as we know—did not write to her again until early the following year, after he had returned from his holiday in Italy to recover from the festival, and then primarily about a practical matter, strengthens the probability that nothing very serious had passed between them. But serious or not, for Wagner what passed had been important. "Aus dem Gesamtbild von Wagners Leben ist Judith Gautier nicht mehr wegzudenken", writes Schuh, and that is no mere editorial exaggeration. Wagner himself—trust him!—defines her significance: "Oh c'est qu'il y a de tout extraordinaire", he cries at the close of this second letter, "c'est que vous êtes l'Abondance de ma pauvre vie, si bien calmée et abritée depuis que j'ai Cosima. Vous êtes ma richesse, mon superflu enivrant".

He was not tired of being calmed and sheltered, far from it; but in those fateful days in 1876 he had wanted something else, something perhaps which Cosima, just because she was Cosima,

<sup>(80)</sup> Rémy de Gourmont, 'Promenades littéraires', p. 138 (Paris, 1919).

<sup>(81)</sup> Ibid, p. 138-9 (quoted in 'Richard Wagner an Judith Gautier').

<sup>(82)</sup> Anatole France, 'La Vie littéraire', p. 136, 138 (Paris, 1892).

<sup>(83)</sup> Rémy de Gourmont, 'Judith Gautier', p. 18.

could not give him. "Elle se sacrifie aux habitudes de son père —hélas!"—strange how that old grievance creeps into the hasty little note, which he had scribbled off to Judith that evening, simply, it seems, for the joy of a moment's communion with her; but less strange if at that moment he had felt that this reception downstairs at which Cosima was sacrificing herself, this reception and all that pertained to it, was a terrible barrier cutting him off from all the world, but especially from his wife. Side by side, year in and year out, they had worked for the triumph of which it was the celebration—and now, so he told Judith, the whole thing was dust and ashes in his mouth. Her embraces, he wrote to her afterwards, were "un dernier don des dieux qui ne voulaient pas que je succombe au chagrin de ma fausse gloire du 'Nibelungen'". He was looking towards the future, towards 'Parsifal', and he needed a Judith to assure him, as Cosima could not, as the world could not, that he was not only a god to be worshipped for what he had done, but a man to be discovered for what he could still do. He needed her to prove that he was still alive; yes, that he could still desire the wild, the secret, the excessive, the "superflu enivrant".

Chère âme! Douce amie! Je vous aime toujours! Toujours vous rester ce que vous êtes, le seul rayon d'amour dans ses jours si réjouissants pour quelques-uns et si peu satisfaisants pour moi. Mais vous étiez pour moi pleine d'un feu si doux, calmant et enivrant. . . . Je ne me souviens de vos embrassements que comme du plus enivrant et du plus enorgueillant événement de ma vie. . . . Je garde dans mes meilleurs moments un désir si doux, si bienfaisant, ce désir de vous embrasser encore et de ne pas perdre votre divin amour.

These, the most impassioned sentences of the subsequent correspondence, clearly reveal that it was not as an object, but as an agent that he had loved her; not as a personality in comparison to Cosima, but as the one who could kindle the fire "si doux, calmant et enivrant" of his regeneration. It mattered not that she had resisted him, that she drove him out, as he said, of that "pauvre maison de Bayreuth", where he used to visit her. And when she resisted him, whether before or after the event, that too did not matter. It was the experience with Judith he had wanted, not Judith herself; as he had wanted a Jessie Laussot to play Sieglinde to his Siegmund, a Mathilde Wesendonck to play Isolde to his Tristan, a Cosima to play Brünnhilde to his Siegfried, so for a moment a Judith to play Kundry to his Parsifal—or should we say rather Parsifal to his Kundry? Hence her importance. She was a part—a small part, but still a part—of the life he needed for his music.

Months later he needed to correspond with her. His letters were

love-letters, we said—helplessly, for they defy description. That second one written early in 1877 begins: "Chère âme. Me voilà en correspondance avec vous! Vous verrez que je l'y porte en homme exact. Pour les deux paires de pantoufles designées par Cosima, il était question de deux robes de chambres. . . ." One of these was a Japanese thing for Cosima, "une chose baroque", he had picked up at an antique-dealer's in Bologna; the Paris dressmaker, to whom Cosima had sent it, had refused, so would Judith alter it, find an undergarment for it, and generally make it wearable? . . . He is intervening, it seems, in a matter concerning Cosima, who was still corresponding with Judith, just this once, for a special purpose, slightly surprised at himself: "Me voilà en correspondance avec vous! . . . Eh bien", he continues, "inventez, commandez, ordonnez, et demandez ce que cela peut coûter". Then his tone changes:

J'aurais voulu avoir un mot de vous. Puisque je vous vois toujours ici—de ma table à écrire—à droite, sur la chaise-longue, me regardant (Dieu, avec quels yeux) quand j'écrivais des souvenirs à mes pauvres cantatrices. Oh, c'est qu'il y a de tout extraordinaire, c'est que vous êtes l'Abondance de ma pauvre vie, si bien calmée et abritée depuis que j'ai Cosima. Vous êtes ma richesse, mon superflu enivrant! (Beau français, n'est-ce pas?) Mais c'est égal, vous me comprenez. Adieu, Judith.

How strangely the sentences we have already quoted read here in their context! It was all over, it seems; Judith now was hardly more than a trusty friend, who one moment would run errands for him and the next smile and sigh with him for his extravagant fantasy of her. . . . Or was it, after all, not over yet? That May he gave concerts in London and wrote asking her to meet him there. The letter is missing; the next in the collection<sup>(24)</sup> is from London, and it begins reproachfully: "Et tu n'es pas venue me voir!" She did not come because she had formed an intimacy with one, Bénédictus, a composer (and for other less obvious reasons, we think). "Vrai tu n'aurais pas eu joie de me voir", Wagner continues, "presque extenué de fatigues et des aigreurs continuels auxquels je suis exposé depuis que je ne t'ai plus vue. Oh!—pourtant—que cela m'aurait ranimé de te revoir! . . ."

No, for him it was not over; he had been stirred. He wrote the sentences I quoted above as the most impassioned of the whole correspondence.<sup>(24)</sup> Bénédictus he accepted—"Le bon Bénédictus

<sup>(24)</sup> For some reason this letter from London, and those containing the sentences in question never reached the Bibliothèque Nationale. Henri de Régnier (see Note p. 134) and Barthou quote them in their articles, and neither Tiersot nor Schuh doubt their authenticity. Schuh follows Tiersot in giving the sentences immediately after the letter from London.

m'a écrit de belles choses. M'aurait-il pardonné de t'aimer ?"—but Bénédictus could not alter the fact, however much she denied it, that he had genuinely loved her, that he still loved her :

Chère âme ! Ne criez plus ! Je ne me souviens de vos embrassements que comme du plus enivrant et du plus enorgueillissant événement de ma vie. . . . Et comment allez-vous ? Chère, chère Judith ! N'est-ce pas, c'est votre nom ? Oh, je le connais ! Et je passe souvent devant cette maison. . . . là-bas ! Mais tout a disparu, et les 'Nibelungen' avec vous. Je n'y pense plus et ne garde d'autre souvenir que de ce qui s'est passé là-bas. Oh, douce amie ! Chère âme ! Soyez bonne pour moi. . . . Oh, que j'aimerais vous embrasser encore, chère douce ! . . . Je vous plains de votre existence. Mais tout est à plaindre. Surtout ce serait moi si je suivrais votre conseil de vous oublier.

He was not going to forget her, not yet ; that October, when he began to compose 'Parsifal', he started writing to her again, and continued until the following February, when, having completed the first act, he laid aside the composition.<sup>(85)</sup> During that period he wrote her as many as twenty-one letters—indescribable letters. . . . It seems that, composing 'Parsifal', he needed Judith's help and he needed the thought of Judith. It was as he had confessed to Liszt in that famous sentence : "Ich muss irgendwie mich geschmeichelt fühlen, wenn meinem Geist das blutig schwere Werk der Bildung einer unvorhandenen Welt gelingen soll".<sup>(86)</sup> He was growing old now and needed more flattering than ever. He needed flagons and flagons of scent, and scent-powders ; bath-scents too : 'le lait d'Iris', Rimmel's 'rose de Bengale' (plenty of it, so that he could smell the perfumes rising from the bathroom beneath his study), and cold-creams, sponges, slippers, a satin coverlet for the chaise-longue (if possible the kind called "Lampas" ; if not, then very pale yellow worked with rose-festoons ; if not yellow, then pale blue ; in the last resort white), yet another satin piece, "bien vraiment rose, mais très pale", yet another flesh-coloured one—all this and more he needed, from Judith. Of the scent-powder he writes :

Vous choisirez pour cela une odeur de votre goût, mais bien de votre goût, dont vous ajouterez une demi-douzaine de poudres-sachets en papier, pour ce que les puisse mettre entre mon propre linge de matin, ce qui me servira d'être en bon rapport avec vous quand je me mets au piano, pour composer la musique de 'Parsifal'.

Of the satin coverlet : "Je veux avoir pour ma chaise-longue une couverture toute belle et extraordinaire que j'appellerai

<sup>(85)</sup> The first of these letters makes the impression of having been written after an interval ; the last announces the closing of the correspondence.

<sup>(86)</sup> Quoted in 'Richard Wagner an Judith Gautier.'

'Judith'"; of the flesh-coloured piece: "Ah! si c'était la couleur de votre chair, j'aurais en même temps la rose voulu! . . ." Lightly spoken words, mere figures of speech no doubt—yet deeply suggestive. A psycho-analyst would prick up his ears. Was it only to pay her a pretty compliment that he compared her to the scent and the coverlet and the satin piece, or did he also make the comparison unconsciously? Perhaps all his life he had craved such things so inordinately, so ruinously because for him they were unconscious symbols of "das Ewig-Weibliche", and now in the infantilism of old age craved them more than ever and more blatantly. As a child he used to stand by his actress-sisters' wardrobes to finger their lovely costumes; and while he composed he loved to touch the fleshy, luscious texture of satin, whose folds, so he wrote to Judith, the light played upon so gently. Satin too would cover over the hard angles of the walls and furniture; he could not bear angles in his room (so he had complained), he must have curves, curves. . . . It is as if, while he raised to "das Ewig-Weibliche" his clamorous, guilt-laden, "blutig schwere" song, he must somehow feel embodied the granting of that for which he sang; as if, crying forth his passionate demand, he needed symbols of her caress, pardoning and fulfilling.

But if Judith, so it would seem, embodied for him "das Ewig-Weibliche", she was still his Judith, his "chère âme". Not only did he need her symbolical scents and satins to wallow in; she must let him for a while still dream of his passion for her. First he would wallow—order, countermand, pile up difficulties to linger over them—and then cry:

Et maintenant! Douce amie! beau génie! Je rêve de passer encore en refuge les rues boueuses de Paris, abandonné par tout le monde! Soudain, je vous rencontre, à vous, Judith! Vous me prenez au bras; vous m'emmenez chez vous; vous me couvrez de vos baisers. . . . Ah, c'est très touchant, très touchant! Oh temps et espace! Ennemis! J'aurais de vous trouver alors. . . . Il est longtemps de là! Je vous embrasse.

He would dream of her for awhile, although the dream would fade, although presently he would forget her. So it would happen—perhaps for the sake of 'Parsifal', as for the sake of 'Parsifal' he had sought her. He had had to rediscover temptation—now it must pass from him and he surpass its going, attain the ultimate, blissful, agonizing tranquillity of old age.

"Et quand vous reverrai-je? Vous qui étiez si méchante de ne pas accepter mon invitation pour Londres? Et pour quel [sic] raison? Bien. Je la connais! Oh, que c'est méchant! . . . Du

reste, je vois que vous m'aimez un peu, de vous occuper de ces niaiseries!' . . . and then a sigh: "Ah! . . . N'oubliez pas de débauches en parfumerie! Et quoi encore? Rien que ce que vous savez. Les rêves de Paris, et vous, me rencontrant!" She must have felt the dream fading, and in his way he must have known that she felt it and pardoned him. Perhaps it is because one senses behind it all a mutual, tacit, very subtle assumption, that these quasi-*Putzmacherin*-letters, quasi-love-letters, with their awful tortuous instructions and their forced ridiculous erotic asides, have a certain pathos and depth, even a certain dignity. Revelling in his silly bathroom luxuries he knew that he was a greedy elderly child—but she would pardon him: ". . . ne pensez pas mal de moi! Je suis assez âgé pour me mettre en enfantillages!" She would bother with "ces niaiseries" because she still loved him "un peu", did she not?—and because he still loved her, he swore. She would even allow him to provide a go-between, Schnappauf, his barber, to whom she could send surprises for Cosima's and the children's birthdays—and any letters. . . . But sometimes his heart smote him: "Oh chère âme! bien aimée âme! Tout est si tragique, tout ce qui est réel!" And again, towards the end of the correspondence: "Oh vous! Ame chaude et douce! Que je me trouverais inspiré dans vos bras!—Faut-il l'oublier?—Non!—Mais tout est tragique—toute penche—au meilleur cas—à l'élégie!"

Sometimes a minor tragedy upset the correspondence. The "belle Abondance" had bronchitis, for instance. At first Wagner took it lightly: "Je devrais vous moins aimer puisque vous êtes toujours encore souffrante, ce qui me prouve que mon amour n'a pas encore de pouvoir sur vous. Tâcher de vous guérir complètement, pour me donner de la confiance en moi". But she did not recover and he grew concerned—for her sake of course, but also for his own. Her illness was threatening his image of her; she really must live up to his image, get well "pour me donner de la confiance en moi"; at the "Festspiele" she had seemed so radiantly healthy. . . . "Tâcher, tâcher de vous tirer de ces attaques de malaise: vous n'avez pas d'autre chose à faire pour me plaire." . . . Then she requested him to glance over some music of Bénédictus. Not that he had any ill-feeling for Bénédictus, but—

Bénédictus décline essentiellement dans mon estime depuis que je sais qu'il compose de la musique, ce qui se passe à toute nouvelle connaissance que je fais du moment que je me découvre même un musicien même composant musique, mais tout le monde compose aujourd'hui, et presque toujours sont-ce des hommes méprisables, surtout par leur faiblesse et leur paresse. Si je pense combien de musique existe au monde et à combien peu d'ouvriers

de musique j'ai pu attacher une vraie affection de manière que ce peu d'œuvres contient pour moi tout ce que je comprends sous le nom de musique, vous seriez étonnée si je vous le disais. . . . Mais je ne le dis pas. Déjà les audaces de l'instrumentation dont vous me parlez m'attristent ; je ne connais au commencement de tous ces jeunes gens qu'audaces, soit d'instrumentation, soit d'harmonie, jamais de mélodie. Mais, *Benedictus* est votre "frère" [so Judith had called him] et par conséquent mon cousin. Je suis très mauvais musicien, je lis très mal, une partition nouvelle me distrait et je ne sens rien. Enfin, que mon "cousin" l'ose !

How delightfully characteristic all this is !—the belittling of his musicianship (he was a dramatist, not a professional musician) ; the hatred of mere experiment for its own sake ; the distrust for other people's efforts ; the unwillingness, the incapacity almost, to put himself out ; the shattering outspokenness. He could not but feel, and let her know that he felt, that her request—like her illness—did not become his "chère âme". Perhaps in her desire to help the "frère" she had been taking some of Wagner's love-vows too literally, for that this letter of his had hurt her, that she had replied in effect : "Very well don't see the music then ; God forbid that I should trouble you to do this for me !" is clear from his next letter.

Mais, chère âme ! Je n'ai pas dit que je ne voulais pas voir la musique de B. J'ai peur de la voir, c'est tout ! Car je parle d'expérience. Dans les derniers temps, plusieurs de mes plus fervents partisans m'ont invoqué pour juger de leur avenir musical : à contre-cœur, je leur ai caché mon désespoir ; mais ils l'ont deviné et se sont refroidis, ou plutôt aigris. C'est une chose qui m'a fait de la peine et m'attriste. J'étais de mauvaise humeur par cela et plus que cela. *Benedictus, qui venit in nomine verae novationis*, je l'embrasse d'avance. Je n'ai pas caché mon humeur, c'est tout ! Si vous voulez, je le cacherai à l'avenir ? Et puis, vraiment ! Je lis mal la musique. Mais la conclusion était toujours de me faire parvenir *Benedictus* ? Vous me l'enverrez—et vos livres ?

Oh ! femmes ! Voudriez-vous un peu mieux comprendre nous autres pauvres hommes, maltraités de toutes partes. . . .

Allez ! Tous vos parfums d'Arabie ne laveront pas cette tache de ma reconnaissance !

Pouvez-vous rire ? Alors, chère âme, riez, riez.

Delightfully characteristic again is the imperviousness of this letter, the self-pity, the hairsplitting disingenuousness of the complaint that she should not have taken his display of "mauvaise humeur" to imply rejection of her request, the desperate anxiety withal not to have done the wrong, the wounding thing. . . . Judith understood him better this time. "Once bitten, twice shy" : she had made her mistake, and she was not going to take the

opportunity he was offering her—nor the others his guilty conscience drove him to offer (but not nearly so urgently) in subsequent letters—to repeat it. She was not going to laugh either. When Wagner attacked and apologized afterwards, she said in ‘Richard Wagner et son œuvre poétique’, it was better not reassuringly to turn the other cheek, but to vent one’s grievance: in the end he liked one the more for it. She would remain offended therefore, accusing him of ingratitude, of slavery to too-rigid principles. . . . “Moi et principes!” he cried back.

Moi qui ne fais que souffrir et produire, dont la vie n’est qu’un perpétuel ouragan dont les mouvements en face du monde ne sont que des convulsions! Vous vous repentirez, j’en suis sûr, et moi je me plongerai dans les audaces de votre ami . . . Mais que dis-je?

Ingrat que je suis!—Ces caisses, cette multitude de choses dont la recherche vous doit causé des peines inouïes! Pourtant, il y a quelque chose d’oublié: un de vos baisers qui m’enivraient lorsque j’étais harassé au dernier point. Allons, soyons content. Tout ira bien. Et bientôt vous attendrez encore de moi, de votre triste méconnu!

In the last letter but one he told her that he had finished the first act; as soon as he had dealt with all the business he had neglected during the composition he would send her a proof, and the piano-score when it was ready. And now he took leave of her. He was too busy now for composition or for correspondence with her, he wrote. “Prenez pitié de moi! Tout finira bientôt, et je retrouverai les beaux moments de loisir, dans lesquels j’aime à vous parler de moi”. Cosima would wind up the “derniers arrangements en regard de ces commissions dont je vous ai peinée depuis si longtemps”.<sup>(27)</sup> There was nothing else to write of. The other topics he had touched on: the translation Cosima had made for her of ‘Parsifal’ (she must write Cosima her frank opinion; if only she knew the impossibility of rendering the naivety of ‘Parsifal’ in the conventional French language!); his derivation of the word ‘Par-si-fal’, which the orientalist had questioned (he had it from Görres, the first editor of the original Lohengrin legend, who had derived it from some unspecified Arabic dialect and interpreted it accordingly: if Görres was wrong, what did that matter?—his interpretation suited him—he was not writing for orientalists); the text, the snippets of the music, the ‘Siegfried Idyll’, the ‘Album-sonate’ for Mathilde Wesendonck (in which she must not look for

<sup>(27)</sup> There are twenty more letters from Cosima in the collection, the last written probably in 1882. Her friendship with Judith bears out the likelihood that she was either ignorant of her husband’s infidelity or else knew that it was not serious. Certainly there is no evidence to the contrary.

"choses inexprimables")—these and other such topics were "choses triviales", he had said. They were shop, in other words, and it was not to talk shop that he wrote to Judith. "Au sérieux!" he would cry, pulling himself up: to "le lait d'Iris, la rose de Bengale", and the satin called "Lampas" . . . and "les rêves de Paris". "Soyez bonne pour Cosima: écrivez bien et longuement à elle. J'apprendrai tout. Aimez-moi toujours! Vous me verrez souvent, et enfin nous nous reverrons un jour". So he concluded.

Twice they saw each other again. In 1882, when Judith attended the performances of 'Parsifal', and the preceding year, when she paid him the visit at "Wahnfried" described in 'Richard Wagner et son œuvre poétique'. He looked if anything younger, she says, and greeted her in the old touchingly sincere way. She revelled in the exotic plants in the garden, discussed vivisection, smiled at the anecdotes of Liszt, who was present. And she steeped herself in 'Parsifal': in the music, which Wagner played clumsily, yet effectively; in the poetry and philosophy, of which he discoursed; in Joukowsky's designs of the scenery and costumes. "Madame Gautier ist zu Besuch hier", wrote Liszt to the Princess Wittgenstein, "und schwebt in himmlischen Entzückungen".<sup>(88)</sup> She meant to lead her countryman to 'Parsifal': by her translation of the poem—that October Cosima recommended her effort to a publisher as "vorzüglich in jeder Beziehung"<sup>(89)</sup>—and by depicting it and depicting Wagner's personality as finely and truthfully as she could in 'Richard Wagner et son œuvre poétique', which she published next year. She would not hound along the unwilling, for she was no longer a controversialist; she would only lead those who wished to follow, further initiate the already initiated. She had the right to do so, she must have felt—perhaps a little proudly. Providence had been kind indeed—kind beyond her wildest dreams—to the intrepid young lady who years ago had visited Wagner at Triebchen.

<sup>(88)</sup> 'Richard Wagner an Judith Gautier', p. 89.

<sup>(89)</sup> Ibid, p. 93.

## PALESTRINA'S 'SONG OF SOLOMON'

BY DOUGLAS DICKSON

IN critical appreciations of Palestrina's music, his 'Liber Quartus'<sup>(1)</sup> of twenty-nine motets in five parts from the Song of Solomon is almost invariably cited as a masterpiece. As such, it was acclaimed by his contemporaries, and before 1600 had been through no less than six editions, and through four more by 1650. It is surprising, therefore, that these motets are so little known even among musicians. The public seldom, if ever, hears them performed.

The work is usually regarded as a sort of Golden Treasury from which exceptionally beautiful motets may be selected for performance or for the occasional service of the church. There seems to be an almost universal opinion that it was not designed for performance as a whole. But an examination of the text and music shows that such an opinion is difficult to maintain and, at the same time, raises interesting questions as to Palestrina's purpose in composing the series.

What Palestrina thought about the allegorical interpretation of the text is relatively unimportant. He makes clear, in his dedication to Pope Gregory XIII, that even though the text may have a sacred significance, it demands, in his view, treatment in a more passionate style than other texts of a sacred character. In other words, he takes the allegory at its face value—so to speak—and tradition and the Council of Trent are to be overruled by the exigencies of art.

It is also relatively unimportant how far, in Palestrina's day, any critical reconstruction of the text had been attempted. It is only important to note that Palestrina made an attempt to select and arrange a text with some coherence and climax. Indeed, the fact that he does so is strong evidence that he regarded the series of motets as a single design. Further, the grouping of the motets

<sup>(1)</sup> The 'Liber Quartus' is presented at length, with original clefs, in Breitkopf & Härtel's edition of Palestrina's works, Vol. IV and also in Alfieri's 'Raccolta di musica sacra', Vol. II. A selection of 13 motets, in modern short notation with simplified clefs, but with German words, is published for a few shillings by Breitkopf & Härtel, under the title Palestrina's 'Hohes Lied'. This last selection may be of more use to those who wish to make a practical acquaintance with at least some of the motets.

by modes seems to indicate an attempt to make a libretto consisting, as it were, of *scenas* of some dramatic unity.<sup>(2)</sup>

The most significant indication of design is the transposition of verses 7-10 of chapter IV from their place in the Bible text, and their interpolation between verses 1 and 2 of chapter II. It is the only instance of transposition, but its significance is not thereby diminished. Verses 7-10 of chapter IV are equally divided between two complete motets, Nos. IX and X and, if there was no significance in the sequence of the motets, these two would naturally have followed the Bible order of the text and appeared as Nos. XVII and XVIII. That this transposition was not haphazard is further emphasized by the fact that motets Nos. IX and X are written in the Dorian mode—that is, in the same mode as motets Nos. I to VIII, whereas the group of motets Nos. XI to XVIII is in the Mixolydian mode. Palestrina must deliberately have regarded these transposed verses as part of the first group or *scena*—motets Nos. I to X—all of which are in one mode. The appropriateness of so placing them is apparent when it is noted that motet VII concludes with the words "*Ecce, tu pulchra es*" and that motet VIII opens, in answer as it were, with the words "*Ecce tu pulcher es*"; while the transposed motet IX responds with the words "*Tota pulchra es*" in passionate reiteration. The transposed motet X (which closes the opening group motets I to X in the Dorian mode) has a glorious conclusion with the words "*Et odor unguentorum tuorum super omnia aromata*", echoing the words of motet I:

*Quia meliora sunt ubera tua vino,  
fragrantia unguentis optimis; olleum  
effusum nomen tuum.*

Turning from the text to the music, we find at once that the motets—which are generally about 60-70 bars long—have a perverse way of cutting in two what may be regarded as lyrical or dramatic episodes in the text. Thus motet III ends with the words "they made me the keeper of the vineyards". Motet IV opens with the words "but mine own vineyard have I not kept", and then goes on "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth where thou feedest," &c., a question which is answered by motet V—"If thou know not, O thou fairest among women", &c. Motet V, however, goes

<sup>(2)</sup> He sets the whole of chapter I (omitting verse 1 in the Authorized Version, which is the Title, and as such does not appear in the Vulgate): the whole of chapter II (omitting the slightly irrelevant verse 15): verses 1 and 2 of chapter III: verses 7-10 of chapter IV: verses 8-12 of chapter V: verses 2-5 (part) and 10-11 of chapter VI: and the whole of chapter VII except the last verse. Chapter VIII, which is the concluding chapter of the Song, he does not set at all.

on "I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots"—a comparison which is completed by further similes in motets VI and VII. A more distinct instance is motet XIV, which actually ends, like a serial story, with the words "My beloved spake and said unto me". Not only this, but the motets frequently cut across the dialogues between the Lover and the Beloved.

It becomes gradually an unavoidable conclusion—especially if one is endeavouring to make a selection for performance—that, from a textual point of view, the disintegration of the motets is practically impossible. At the same time, it becomes apparent that the grouping of motets by modes does (with one exception—motet XIX, the only motet in the Hypoæolian mode) make coherent episodes or scenes.

From a musical point of view, the interpenetration of thematic material is often—though not always—significant. The most obvious thematic connection occurs between the two motets XV and XVI, both of which open with the word "surge" and with exactly the same thematic material though differently disposed among the voices. A less obvious connection is to be found in the closing bars of motets XVII and XVIII, both of which end with the words "quaesivi illum et non inveni". Motet XVIII, after exactly repeating several bars of the corresponding passage in motet XVII, expands the whole passage which follows into a page of intense pathos—a pathos intensified by the reiteration of the closing notes of motet XVII to the words "Et non inveni". Palestrina must have deliberately designed this intensification.

When we come to consider the motets in the larger units of modal groups, there are further significant instances of design. The expansion at the end of motet XVIII above referred to, besides intensifying the pathos, unmistakably emphasizes the end of the Mixolydian group. A similar expansion—where the last 10 bars of motet X are, in effect, a repetition of the immediately preceding 10 bars, but with a slightly varied disposition of harmony and voices—enhances enormously the cadential effect of the close of the Dorian group. Such expansions are not common in these motets, though there is another one, unconnected with the close of any modal group, but obviously appropriate to the magnificence of the words, at the end of motet XXVI. A somewhat similar expansion occurs at the end of motet XX, which, though also unconnected with any group-ending, is again appropriate to the exuberance of feeling induced by the words and marks the close of the Lover's description of the Beloved to the Daughters of Jerusalem.

Finally—though the disposition of the five voices is varied and some, though not much, significance in the changes may be noted—it is perhaps not undesigned that after a series of motets disposed S.S.A.T.B. and S.A.A.T.B. the final motet returns to the S.A.T.T.B. disposition of the first motet, indeed of the whole first eighteen motets.

Enough has been said to show that these twenty-nine motets are no haphazard collection to be disintegrated at random. As motets they are incomplete and incoherent; as a series they become coherent and complete.<sup>(2)</sup>

The final and most fascinating problem is Palestrina's intention in composing this magnificent work. His great contemporaries, Orlandus Lassus and Victoria, wrote motets on verses from the Song of Solomon, and so did Morales; but none of them took the Song as a text for a series of motets as numerous as twenty-nine. Again, verses from the Song of Solomon are utilized at various seasons as antiphons, *versus alleluaticus* and graduals, but in the

<sup>(2)</sup> The work, however, even if performed as a whole, must, for practical as well as dramatic and musical purposes, be subdivided in some way, and it may perhaps not be inappropriate to indicate what grouping seems possible.

The first ten motets—the Dorian group—makes a completely satisfactory set. The two opening motets appear to be partly the Lover (that is the Rose of Sharon) speaking and partly a chorus. The first ends with the words "ideo Adolescentulae dilexerunt te", the second with the words "Recti diligunt te". Possibly the first, therefore, is a chorus of "Adolescentulae", the second a chorus of "Recti". Motets III to V (first part) are the story of her life told by the Lover. The remaining motets V (second part) to X are impassioned dialogues between the Lover and the Beloved.

The next set corresponds with the Mixolydian group and includes the dramatic arrival of the Beloved and his passionate summons to the Lover, followed by her account of her fruitless search for him through the City.

The third group might consist of only two motets, No. XIX (the only one in the Hypæolian mode) and No. XX (the first of the five in the Hypophrygian mode). It is actually the dialogue between the Lover and the Daughters of Jerusalem in her search for the Beloved. The change of mode is quite happy—though it occurs in the middle of her description of the Beloved and the close of motet XX is emphasized by one of those expansions already noticed.

The next set begins with motet XXI, the second of the Hypophrygian group, and ends with motet XXIV, the last of that group. In the first of these the Lover describes how the Beloved goes down into the Garden of Spices and in the last he himself gives an account of his visit there. This set is very scrappy. It is to be noted that the text skips from verse 5 (half-way through) of chapter VI (motet XXII) to verse 10 (motet XXIII). But even if these intermediate verses had been included, the coherence of the set would not be improved. The whole passage is puzzling. Palestrina may have given it up as an insoluble problem.

The last set—motets XXV to XXIX, the group in the Ionian mode—opens possibly with a chorus of "Adolescentulae", for the Lover is described as "filia principis" in strong contrast to the "amica mea", "columba mea", "charissima in deliciis", with which she is usually greeted. Motet XXVI may be a continuation, and, if so, the magnificent expansion at its close would be more than appropriate. But in motet XXVII without doubt the Beloved again speaks. She answers in motet XXVIII, culminating in the words "Ego dilecto meo et ad me conversio ejus". This leads to the last motet, "Veni dilecti mi!", an exquisite idyll ending in the complete surrender of "There will I give you my loves". The glorious close of this motet, and the choice of this episode as the last, conveys more than anything else the sense of a long and deliberately designed dramatic climax.

'Liber Usualis' there is only one instance of any group of verses so utilized corresponding with a group composing one of the Palestrinian motets. In the service of the Roman Catholic church there appears to be no place for it as a complete work, nor any use for more than a few of its constituent motets.

For what use, then, can it have been intended? The dedication to Pope Gregory XIII is illuminating. Palestrina begins by bewailing the indiscretion of his youth in setting music to love poems of a profane nature. No doubt he had in mind that others of his profession, dependent on church appointments, had lost their jobs for indulging in the composition of madrigals, and he ingeniously suggests that, though he himself was at one time guilty of the same fault, he is now to make amends by composing songs in celebration of divine love. All this is skilful diplomacy. But now he is faced with the fact that his songs in celebration of divine love far exceed in exuberance of passion any of his settings of sacred words. He at once admits this. But with this admission he flings diplomacy aside and asserts the musician's independence for all time in one abrupt but pregnant sentence:

SIC ENIM REM IPSAM POSTULARE INTELLIGEBAM—.

This remarkable declaration suggests that Palestrina felt he had struck out on a new line, and, though he still refers to the motets as if they were sacred, indeed ecclesiastical, works, he must have realized that neither in design nor treatment were they really appropriate to the service of the church.

It seems, therefore, not unnatural to suppose that he intended them for performance as a whole to a select audience of his patrons (including the Pope and other ecclesiastics) and that the work was to be regarded, not perhaps as a sacred drama, for the text would hardly allow of representation on a stage, but rather as a kind of dramatic lyric, that is to say a work which partly by direct, partly by indirect, utterance evolves a series of episodes tending to dramatic issues. It may be that some personification of the Lover and the Beloved was achieved by allotting their words to separate choirs (or even a quintet of solo voices) and that the quasi-choruses of "Adolescentulae", "Recti" and "Filiae Jerusalem" were sung by the choirs jointly. Such a treatment would be quite in accordance with ecclesiastical practice, and indeed would provide a variety of vocal colour possibly desirable in a work so little varied in style and feature. But no procedure would be necessary, or indeed possible, such as was attempted by Orazio Vecchi in his *commedia harmonica*, 'L'Amfiparnaso', actually a drama in the

form of a series of five-part madrigals, the actors required by the dramatic action singing their parts on the stage, the remainder singing in the wings. On occasion Palestrina may have had to be content with the performance of excerpts, but it is too much to suggest that this was more than a makeshift and that he contemplated relegating the whole design to the inside of his book, relying on his audience's recognizing the context and reconstituting the design in their mind's eye. From the number of editions it is certain that the work was for long popular, and favourite motets may often have been sung separately; but that does not affect Palestrina's intention that the twenty-nine should be regarded as an integral whole.

It is specially emphasized by some writers that five-part polyphony is essentially undramatic and that these motets are remarkable for the fact that the most dramatic situations are treated with the complete aloofness which such polyphony implies. And it may be argued that if Palestrina had intended these motets as a dramatic or quasi-dramatic work, not necessarily for representation on the stage, but in the sense that its dialogue is individualized and that its episodes tend to dramatic issues, he would not have set the text in five-part polyphony. The point is more apparent than real. Palestrina was too rooted in the polyphonic tradition to venture on the uncharted seas of the *nuove musiche*, and, if that is admitted, what other medium was available?

In his use of the motet he was also constrained by the limitations of his day. As has already been pointed out, he to a large extent ignored any relevance between the length of the motets and the sense of the words—a defect, if it be one, which is of little importance if the conception of the series as a whole is accepted. But apart from that, there is an obvious reason for his *modus operandi*. Even the longer sections of the mass, such as the "Gloria" and "Credo", can be, and in a great number of masses by Palestrina and his contemporaries are, split up into shorter sections clearly defined by their episodic character (*e.g.*, the "Crucifixus" and "et resurrexit") or by their emotional content. Moreover, a certain unity is achieved by building the edifice of these larger compositions round some known theme. But where in the musical forms of the time is there any form capable of spanning such a large space as is included even in the first ten motets of the Song of Solomon, which, all in the Dorian mode, constitute the first episode or act of the whole work? The only possible course is that adopted by Palestrina.

In short, he simply accepts the form and fabric of his day,

notwithstanding an apparent incongruity with the matter in hand. If, however, one can dissociate oneself from later developments in dramatic music, the five-part polyphony seems no more a convention than the huge instrumental background which adds such power to the single vocal line of modern opera. Indeed, paradoxically, as in motet XIX—where the Lover importunes the Daughters of Jerusalem and they reply to her importunities—the more clearly the music is polyphonic the more clearly is it individualized; the more homophonic, the more obviously is it the utterance of a crowd. The polyphonic texture merely raises the expressiveness to the fifth power.

In regard to the style of the music, his claim—"usus sum genere aliquanto alacriore quam in caeteris Ecclesiasticis cantibus uti soleo"—is more than substantiated. The style is an amalgam of that of the motet and the madrigal. The texture is altogether closer than that of the masses or other motets, and steeper in its deployment of the parts. While this results in an apparent increase in intricacy, it makes for greater terseness and quickness of utterance. The marvel is that, notwithstanding the closeness of texture, which might have made it turgid, the music moves with the lightness and ease of a lyric. When occasion demands, however, it can sprawl in long tendrils or soar like an aeroplane taking off. At times it is piled up in splendid climaxes worthy of the greatest moments in the masses. There is throughout a passionate note—which is perhaps what Palestrina meant by the adjective "alacrior", and this passionate note is the distinguishing quality of the whole work. In performance it should never be forgotten that the pace is much faster than the music appears to suggest, and that the passionateness of the allegory—if allegory is implied—is not to be subdued because its subject is sacred.

Finally, the gorgeous imagery of the text is musically illustrated with a picturesqueness and sensitiveness unusual even in Palestrina. Like so many of his contemporaries, he seizes on images capable of rhythmical or directional illustration, such as the roes and young harts upon the mountains, the army terrible with banners—*acies ordinata*. But also he appears to be peculiarly responsive to the interchange of light and shadow, heat and cold, the splendour of the sun and the beauty of the moon. He even depicts the voice of the Beloved, at first far off and unseen, then nearer, finally in full view leaping to the Lover's lattice. The recession of the rains and the coming of spring make one of the many unforgettable pictures which can only be realized by a full acquaintance with the music.

The whole work is an essay and adventure into the future, an inspiration born of the spirit of the Renaissance and of the marvellous imagery and dramatic passion of the text. May this not explain why the 'Liber Quartus' of motets for five voices—published in Rome in 1584—was still being republished so late as 1650, the latest date at which any of Palestrina's works were republished before the nineteenth century? And is it not high time that its beauties were once more explored and appreciated?

## DEBUSSY'S POETS TRANSLATED

BY ALEX. COHEN

### Rondel

(Charles d'Orléans)

The year hath doffed his cloak to-day  
Of wind and rain and cold and snow,  
And, drest in finery, doth glow  
Pranked out as for a holiday.

No bird, no creature but doth say,  
Or in its tongue doth sing or crow  
"The year hath doffed his cloak to-day  
Of wind and rain and cold and snow."

The rivers, founts and rills display  
Their pretty livery, aflow  
With drops of gold and silver : lo,  
The world is deckt in new array :  
The year hath doffed his cloak to-day.

### Ballade

*that Villon made at the request of his mother to intercede with our Lady*

Lady o'er all the Heavens, Regent Terrene  
And Empress of Hell's marshes, dread and drear,  
Receive a Christian, though meek and mean.  
Count me 'mong Thine Elect, to Thee so dear,  
Though utterly unworthy I appear.  
Thy boundless virtues, Lady and Mistress,  
Exceed my great sins by a great excess.  
Didst Thou withhold Thy love, in vain should I  
Aspire to Heaven : and this is true I wis.  
In this, Thy faith, I mean to live and die.

I am Thy Son's : tell Him, O Heaven's Queen,  
 To cleanse me of all sin : high Lady, hear !  
 As with th' Egyptian woman make me clean  
 As He made priest Theophilus once more,  
 Whom Thou forgavest—pardon without peer—  
 Though pact with Satan was his sin, no less !  
 Forfend that to such sin I e'er confess,  
 Thou who retainedst Thy Virginity  
 While bearing Him of Sacrament and Mass.  
 In this, Thy faith, I mean to live and die.

Stricken with age, poor have I ever been,  
 Nor know I aught, for schooling had I ne'er.  
 And yet, at church, paintings of Heaven I've seen  
 Wherein with harp and lute they make good cheer,  
 The damned in Hell too, prey of fire and fear.  
 Now awe-struck, now o'ercome with blissfulness,  
 I too, great Goddess, crave this blessedness.  
 To Thee all sinners must for mercy fly,  
 Guileless, free from deceit and slothfulness.  
 In this, Thy faith, I mean to live and die.

#### ENVOI

Virgin Princess full of worthiness,  
 I esus Thou barest to reign in deathlessness.  
 Lo, the Almighty saw our feebleness,  
 Left Heaven and came down as our Ally,  
 Off'ring to death His own dear youthfulness.  
 Nobly did thus our Lord, whom I confess.  
 In this, Thy faith, I mean to live and die.

#### Contemplation

(Baudelaire)

Be calmer now, my Grief. To grant your prayer,  
 The evening you implored is coming down :  
 A growing darkness gathers round the town,  
 Bringing repose to some, to others, care.  
 While base Mortality's about to sow  
 Remorse in shame and slavish revelry,  
 Whipped on by Lust, the hangman-debauchee,  
 Give me your hand, my Grief, and let us go.

Behold ! in faded robes the long-dead years  
Lean over Heaven's balcony ; and here's  
Smiling Regret, new-risen from the sea ;  
The dying sun would sleep beneath an arch ;  
Trailing her sable cerements westwardly,  
The gentle Night begins her soundless march.

### The Balcony

(Baudelaire)

Queen of loved ones, mother of memories,  
O thou, dear sum of duty and desire,  
Thou'lt call to mind the bygone ecstasies  
And blissful evenings by the gentle fire,  
Queen of loved ones, mother of memories !

On evenings that were lit by glowing coal,  
And roseate evenings on the balcony,  
How gentle was thy breast, how kind thy soul !  
What deathless things were said by thee and me  
On evenings lit by glowing flames of coal !

How rich, warm sunsets, is your witchery !  
How brave our hearts, how deep the firmament !  
O queen of loved ones, leaning over thee,  
I seemed to breathe thy blood's Elysian scent.  
How rich, warm sunsets, is your witchery !

When night wrapped day in sable veils of death,  
And I divined thy darkened eyes, in deep  
Long draughts I drank thy sweet and poisoned breath !  
And in my hands thy feet sank into sleep,  
When night wrapped day in sable veils of death.

With bowed head on thy lap I live again  
Through happy hours, enchantress that thou art.  
To seek thy blissful languors it were vain  
To look elsewhere than in thy gentle heart.  
With bowed head on thy lap I live again !

Will vows, will perfumes, and will endless kisses  
Again rise from some gulf's immensity  
As young suns rise from out the sea's abysses,  
Laved and recalled to heaven eternally ?  
—O vows, O perfumes and O endless kisses !

### **The Death of Lovers**

(Baudelaire)

Our fragrant beds with petals will be strown ;  
On couches deep as tombs we both shall lie,  
With glowing flowers about us that have blown  
For us beneath a kinder, lovelier sky.  
Vying in their last ardours, both our hearts  
Will be vast torches lighting up the whole,  
And imaging twin lights, ere life departs,  
Within the double mirror of our soul.  
One evening made of rose and mystic blue,  
Like a last long sob there'll dart between us two  
A lightning-flash. And opening the door,  
An Angel then, with faith and joy aflame,  
Will fan and burnish brighter than before  
The tarnished mirror and extinguished flame.

## HENRY PURCELL

By ALEXANDER BRENT SMITH

THE majority of people know of Henry Purcell only as a name—a fixed mark by which English critics measure the importance of each successive English composer as he rises into fame. Mr. Westrup's new book on Purcell<sup>(1)</sup> should do much to turn the rather obscure legendary figure into a real man, for the details of his life, few though they be, the historical background and the extent and value of his works are set forth with a thoroughness which cannot be too much admired.

Most people know of the precocious genius of Mozart; few know that Purcell was almost equally precocious. The reason is that Leopold Mozart kept a very careful record of his child's activities, and that no one was thoughtful enough to keep a similar record of the infant Purcell. The first instance of this precocity is to be found in the three-part song 'Sweet Tyranesse', written, so it is said, when he was eight years old, the same age at which Mozart wrote a set of six sonatas. If, as some writers aver, the child Purcell was guided in this composition by the elder Purcell, might not the same assertion be made of the child Mozart, for it is well known that parents in Salzburg are just as anxious for their children's reputations and success as parents in Westminster.

On the question of parentage Mr. Westrup proves from documentary evidence that Purcell's father was not Henry, as hitherto believed, but Thomas Purcell, miscalled his uncle. Except that it is historically valuable, the change of fathers is quite unimportant. We hope that no further changes will be made in the parentage of Purcell or any other great man, and that henceforward historians will let sleeping parents lie.

If we have to question the authenticity of 'Sweet Tyranesse', there is no doubt about the authenticity of the 'Address of the Children',<sup>(2)</sup> written at the age of eleven. At the age of sixteen his song 'When Thyrasis did the splendid eye' was published in 'Choice

<sup>(1)</sup> 'Purcell', by J. A. Westrup ('Master Musicians' Series). J. M. Dent & Sons.

<sup>(2)</sup> This 'Address' is said by Cummings to have been in the possession of Rimbault. No one else seems to have seen it or to know where it is.

Airs'. It is interesting to reflect that this song was published ten years before Bach and Handel were born.

Some writers emphasize the early date of Purcell, suggesting that if he had been born at a later date he would have left music even more remarkable. That may be so, but we cannot be sure, for Purcell may have been by nature an explorer, not a consolidator, and therefore extremely lucky to have been born at a time when practically all music was virgin soil. As a rule genius knows the right time to be born.

Compared to the life of Mozart, that of Purcell was uneventful but certainly happier. As a child Mozart travelled as a prodigy from capital to capital and from court to court, petted alike by potentates and princesses. Purcell spent his childhood as a chorister in the Chapel Royal. As a young man Mozart never held a position worthy of his attainments and, though respected, was but slightly honoured and at his death unwept. Purcell, though less widely known, was always very highly esteemed, being organist of Westminster Abbey from the age of twenty until his death.

At that time a composer was a craftsman, that is a man whose duty it was to do his work because some patron or people required it. Very different from the conditions to-day when composers first of all write their music and then try to find an occasion for its production. Purcell, therefore, worked according to the demands of the church and state, naturally not always with great enthusiasm or inspiration.

In estimating the absolute value of Purcell's music we must not make use of such saving clauses as "considering the time in which he lived" or "considering the undeveloped state of music at that time". Such clauses are unhelpful and slightly insulting, as if a writer on cricket should preface his estimate of W. G. Grace by saying "considering the state of the wickets in those days and the undeveloped state of spin-bowling, W. G. Grace was a very great batsman". We want to know if we can how Grace would compare with Hammond and Bradman. Similarly we want to know how Purcell's music compares with the music of the other giants. These saving clauses are never used in estimating the work of Palestrina, or the English madrigalists, or of J. S. Bach, and it is doing Purcell something less than justice if we estimate his worth by any standard other than the highest.

When we read some biographies of Purcell we repeatedly come across the words "magnificent", "sublime", "unparalleled in all music", and then remembering how seldom we hear his music we get the impression that Purcell's music must be similar to the

jewellery which ladies keep in the bank—splendid to boast of but almost impossible to use. The truth is that there never was a composer whose music, as Romain Rolland says, is so difficult to appraise unless it be Berlioz. Passages of unquestioned genius are followed by others which scarcely bear the impress of talent. The sublime passes into the trivial and the trivial passes into the sublime. As masters of technique there is no similarity between the two men. Purcell was in every respect a master, Berlioz was in some respects a dilettante.

Though Purcell had every gift at his command, he rarely completed a large work in a way wholly satisfactory. He is like a great golfer who has command of every shot in the bag, and a few others peculiar to himself, and yet who never wins a championship. When we consider his music it is difficult to say exactly wherein he is deficient. Is it in melody? We think of 'Shepherds leave decoying' and 'I attempt from love's sickness to fly' and we answer No. Was it in harmony? We think of 'And the peace of God', 'Remember not, Lord, our offences' and Dido's lament, and again we answer No. Was it insufficiency of technique? The question is absurd. His music is full of evidence not only of straightforward counterpoint, but of canons, augmentations, &c.—the trick shots of music.

Was it then through hastiness or carelessness that a man who possessed all the shots never played them all well in the same work? As a composer he gives the lie to Euclid's axiom that the whole is greater than the part, for almost without exception the part is greater than the whole.

Let us now consider the various aspects of his music and mark the blend of genius and the commonplace. First of all, his harmony. There is no question that he had a wonderful feeling for harmony, but it was mostly for strange harmony *within* the key. This is chiefly due to his use of the minor scale with its possible contradiction of the major and minor third, sixth and seventh. Frequently he combines two forms of the scale in the same bar, sometimes within the same octave. Mr. Westrup, whose admiration does not warp his judgment, says "it is ridiculous to pretend that all passages of this kind have a divine loveliness". Again he says "In his youth Purcell sometimes wrote 'bold' contrapuntal solutions merely because he had not the experience or would not take the trouble to find alternatives". But though Purcell showed boldness in harmony within the key he did not show a similar boldness in moving from the key. This is one reason why his lengthy movements are frequently dull. Take, for instance, the

overture to 'King Arthur'. Here the first ten bars are built exclusively upon a chord of D major, and when it does change it is merely to pass momentarily on to a chord of A major or G major. Of the last thirteen bars of the overture (6-8 time) eleven are made up of chords of D major. Or, take the overture to the 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day'. Of the fifty-three bars which make up the *allegro* section twenty-nine are wholly built upon chords of D major. In the vocal sections of these accompanied works the monotony of key, though modified by the verbal interest, is a very real blemish. Let us examine some of the airs from 'St. Cecilia's Day'. First, 'Wondrous machine', an air built upon a ground of two harmonies, E minor and B major, repeated without alteration for roughly twenty-four bars, followed, a few minutes later, by 'The fife and all the harmony of war', which practically never leaves the key of D major. It may be said that Purcell is here trying to reproduce the military atmosphere of trumpets and drums. But merely to reproduce is bad art. An artist must reproduce discreetly. A dramatist may introduce the character of an old bore into a play—a Dogberry or Vargès—but he must not let his old bore *be* a bore. In 'Emma' Jane Austen has introduced a chatterbox—Miss Bates. To some people, I believe, she is as tedious in fiction as no doubt she would have been had she lived. Personally I love her, but I admit that in reproducing her chatter Jane Austen ran a great risk, a risk which Purcell ran in this air, and elsewhere, not altogether successfully.

And yet he could move easily and naturally into other keys, as he does in such delightful numbers as 'How blest are shepherds' and 'Come if you dare', to name but two instances. It will be observed that his unaccompanied music is not thus keybound. And why is it that his unaccompanied choral music is so rich and varied, while his accompanied music is nothing short of tedious? Is it not that unaccompanied vocal music had a long and great tradition behind it and that he felt in writing the call to match and if possible surpass the masterpieces of his predecessors. Instrumental and orchestral music was a comparatively new form. Now we know that in the early days of any art great subtlety is not demanded. We of this generation can remember how in the early days of cinemas every stunt was so fresh, so amazing that the simplest effects, the roughest comedy and the crudest sentiments were sufficient to hold the attention of multitudes. As film production developed these crude methods were found wanting and subtlety of effect, of humour and delicacy of sentiment were demanded. To the audiences of Purcell's day the mere blending of orchestral

instruments was such a novelty that everything was fresh and delightful. Consequently he, being a very ready writer, poured out floods of music without apparently considering whether it might not have been improved with more subtlety and variety.

Very different was his writing in the fantasies for strings. Here, as Mr. Westrup points out, Purcell was working in a form with a great tradition; "but" he says, "in intensity of expression they are far in advance of the average compositions of this kind, and the idiom is modern and personal".

Then his rhythm. Here again we find the same blend of genius and dullness. His recitatives, his vocal phrases, his five-bar grounds all have the most felicitous varieties of rhythm, and yet in nearly every large work he falls back at some time or other upon a conventional dotted note rhythm. That a man who displayed such ingenuity of invention elsewhere should have been content to use this rhythm so frequently is beyond explanation. Bach likewise used conventional figures for certain emotions, but he had such a variety and used them with such subtle variations that all monotony is avoided. It is also strange that Purcell, who possessed such powers of rhythmic invention, should never have discovered (or else very rarely used) the triplet. He wrote frequently in six-eight time which should have made him familiar with it as a half-bar feature, but even so he never seems to have realized its grace and freshness as a foil to the simple divisions of two and four notes per beat.

It is, I think, in these two aspects of his music, harmony and rhythm that these two extremes of genius and dullness are to be found. But there is another aspect of his vocal work, in which a tiresome mannerism, spoiling his otherwise good effects, is apparent, *i.e.* in his setting of words. No man could set words with a truer sense of their values, and yet he was content to spin out syllables which have neither significance nor meaning. For instance in the 'Te Deum' at the words "Vouchsafe O Lord to keep us this day without sin", he gives two complete bars to the vocative, "O", thereby rendering the whole passage, beautiful though it is, rather silly. Even worse is his setting of this same vocative in the anthem, 'Thy word is a lantern', wherein there is a setting of the words "O quicken me according to thy word". Here two voices sing "quicken me" several times while the third singer puts in the "O". If anyone tried to find a humorous way of setting words for a burlesque no better method could be found for exciting laughter, and yet Purcell wrote the passage in all seriousness and, to make the absurdity greater, repeated the whole of it with the chorus.

When we come to examine his melody there is not the same

difference in quality. In the creation of melody his genius seems to shine most strongly and consistently. Not that all his tunes are deeply inspired; in fact occasionally what stands for a tune is little more than a suitable sequence of notes upon a simple yet sturdy background of harmonies. But his melodies are never weak or flabby. They stand firmly upon their basses, thereby following the great contrapuntal tradition which favoured concords in the main beats and eschewed discords taken at random. In these days to find virtue in a rule is practically an artistic crime; yet one can see that these old rules, though they did not make composers write inspired melodies, did at least prevent them from writing mawkish and sentimental tunes.

Whenever we think of Purcell, we think of tunes. Sir Henry Hadow describes 'The Fairy Queen' as "a pageant of rich tunes". It is primarily by the multitude of his melodies that his reputation has been maintained. Mr. Westrup draws attention to the largeness of his melodies, and anyone who examines such an old favourite as 'What shall I do to show how much I love her?' will notice how easily and how naturally the second section spreads itself over the full sixteen bars.

Placed beside the great choral works of later generations Purcell's works appear at a disadvantage. He seems incapable of sustaining a long flight of imagination. I say "seems" because his music gives ample evidence of a power which is never realized. This is partly due to his habit of working with short-winded fugal subjects and partly to the aforementioned habit of restricting himself to one or two keys which naturally limited the *terrain* over which he might deploy his forces. But though he cannot sustain a long flight of fancy, as can Bach and Handel, over a short distance he can hold his own with anyone. In his unaccompanied choral works he reaches a standard rarely, if ever, attained by anyone unless it be Bach in his motet 'Come Jesu come'.

It is evident from a study of his work that his mentality leaned not to the architectural in music, as did Bach's and Brahms's, but to the dramatic, as did Gluck's and Wagner's. To produce his best he required the stimulus of some dramatic incident or pictorial expression. When the stimulus was strong his imagination raced like a powerful engine, but when the stimulus was lacking it just functioned or, to preserve the metaphor and jargon of machinery, "it just ticked over".

I have said previously that the eulogies of his works by biographers and the neglect of them by conductors suggests that they are like jewellery which ladies keep in the bank—splendid to boast

of but difficult to use. And this is very nearly true. The jewels embedded in these works are frequently priceless, brilliant and sparkling, but alas! the setting or the design is not always worthy of those jewels. Sometimes the gold looks uncommonly like brass, and the design appears unbalanced and haphazard. At repeated intervals conductors and choir-masters, realizing the splendour of those jewels, decide that something must be done. But the same tale has to be told—the big works (all except 'Dido') for one reason or another do not quite come off. Perhaps the untidiness of the design, the happy-go-lucky arrangement, was characteristic of English thought at the time (and may still be). In the French view of that time everything English was a muddle. Compared to Racine, Shakespeare was a muddle. Compared to the court of Louis XIV, that of Charles II was a muddle. Compared to the Roman Catholicism of France, English Protestantism was a muddle. So the music of Purcell was no exception.

In spite of patchiness, in spite of inequalities, Purcell's individual numbers, his rhapsodic solos, his unaccompanied anthems, and of course 'Dido', will stand for all time, and only in the greatest moments of subsequent composers shall we find passages worthy to stand beside them. To have written one or two works which have no rivals except in the greatest works of their class is in itself a passport to Parnassus. If we measure Purcell by the quantity of flawless works, then indeed he must occupy a very lowly position, but if we measure him by the quality of the few acknowledged masterpieces then we may look for him high upon those sacred slopes where we shall most certainly find him; and Schubert, Gluck and Bach are of his company.

## BIZET'S EARLY OPERAS

By JOHN W. KLEIN

FOR over half a century Bizet's early operas had fallen into a neglect almost as complete as that suffered by those of Schubert or Haydn. Occasionally they were denounced as uninteresting or commonplace by critics who had probably never troubled to study them. Even Bizet's most fervent admirers preferred to pass them over in silence. Hans von Bülow, who believed 'Carmen' to be "the most perfect opera ever written", resented being obliged to conduct 'The Pearl Fishers' (which he contemptuously termed "a tragical operetta"), whilst Nietzsche (on the whole a somewhat indiscriminate admirer of Bizet) left the theatre in great dejection after the first act of that work. Even Sir Thomas Beecham's admirable productions of 'The Pearl Fishers', 'The Fair Maid of Perth' and 'Djamileh' failed to awaken more than a passing interest. A well-known critic did not hesitate to affirm that the least arresting thing about these works was the music (which, in view of the ludicrous inadequacy of the librettos, was the most biting of insults). This abysmal lack of understanding and appreciation at the time greatly embittered Sir Thomas Beecham, who considers Bizet "the greatest of French composers".

It is consequently all the more astonishing to note that the earliest—and perhaps the most dramatically effective—of these operas has after seventy years of almost complete neglect finally met with a brilliant and apparently enduring success. Revived at the Opéra-Comique at Paris in 1932, 'The Pearl Fishers' has at last established itself firmly in the permanent repertory and almost rivals 'Carmen' in popularity. This unexpected and welcome revival of an opera that (notwithstanding an occasional performance in Italy) was practically forgotten is a matter of wonder to many Frenchmen, a wonder that increased when the vogue proved to be lasting. Indeed, performances of 'The Pearl Fishers' are in some respects more enjoyable than those of 'Carmen' itself, an opera that is perhaps nowhere performed in a more lifeless and lethargical manner than at Paris. Slipshod and listless productions are generally reserved for works that are perennially and unfailingly popular. Such is the penalty of a complete triumph.

The Parisian success of 'The Pearl Fishers' has been repeated in Germany and Switzerland, though several humourless attempts to improve the libretto and even to rearrange the music have done much to lessen the enjoyment of the listener. The fact, however, remains that—despite its youthful defects and its author's tendency to work occasionally too contentedly within the formulas of an already outworn tradition—'The Pearl Fishers' is an enjoyable and at moments genuinely inspired work that, on the whole, fully deserves its success. Mr. Ernest Newman himself is of this opinion; he considers it "a lovely little opera", though deficient in dramatic life. Despite his admiration for early Bizet, it is, indeed, difficult for him to understand how "the static lyrist" of 'The Pearl Fishers' could a few years later be "miraculously transformed into one of the supreme musical dramatists of all time".

A closer study of these early operas—and, in particular, of 'The Pearl Fishers' and 'Djamileh'—renders this transformation somewhat less startling and miraculous than is at first sight apparent. It, moreover, reveals that the youthful Bizet was a good deal more than the "static lyrist" of a brilliant critic's imagination. There are even moments when a dramatist of the utmost dynamic force is vividly revealed and when one recognizes how close the link between 'Carmen' and 'The Pearl Fishers' really is. For instance, the electrifying little dance that opens the first act in so delightful a manner is as characteristically Bizetian as anything in 'Carmen' or 'L'Arlésienne'; it has the same fresh spontaneity and exuberant vitality. The great duet in the first act has undeniable grandeur and nobility of expression, and certainly its dramatic force is no less remarkable than its melodic charm and sustained eloquence. No less effective is the finale of the second act, which unmistakably reveals the hand of the born dramatist and constitutes one of the most completely satisfying finales in all opera.

No doubt the work, as a whole, has much that is sentimental and ludicrously old-fashioned, including a lavish sprinkling of particularly inappropriate coloratura (a concession extorted from Bizet with great difficulty by his singers) and a lengthy and conventional duet (act III, scene i) that is painfully reminiscent of Verdi not at his best. It cannot be denied that Bizet's mind works far less swiftly and surely in this early opera than in the two masterpieces of his maturity, yet it is already a mind of rare distinction, and we are occasionally entranced by daringly original and deliciously exquisite effects. Berlioz justifiably praises "this beautiful, expressive music, of such rich colouring and so full of fire".

Bizet considered 'The Fair Maid of Perth' infinitely superior to 'The Pearl Fishers'. Yet it is here—and here alone—that we catch glimpses of the "static lyrist" of Mr. Newman's imagination. The prelude—suave, contemplative and almost passionless—is in striking contrast to the exuberant preludes of 'Carmen'; it might be the work of another man. No doubt there is much deliciously vivacious and exquisite music in 'The Fair Maid', music that in its lively spontaneity already harbingers 'Carmen', but the work as a whole is a trifle tedious, lacking alike in vigour and individuality. There was in it singularly little scope for the dramatic element that formed an essential part of Bizet's nature, and this in itself is enough to explain the comparative colourlessness of much of the music. Yet, whenever his subjects had in them the elements of drama, Bizet always responded adequately to their appeal. It is futile to affirm that Bizet had to struggle against an essentially undramatic tendency in his character and music, even though we may frankly admit that the early operas reveal a Bizet who had as yet failed to discover the real trend of his genius. His dramatic sense is, indeed, revealed in practically everything he wrote, also in works that are unconnected with the stage, such as the 'Roma' symphony, the charmingly vivacious little Symphony in C major that has only recently been discovered, and the delicious 'Jeux d'enfants' (Bizet at his very best). Even the somewhat crude and not altogether original 'Patrie' Overture is remarkable for its dramatic intensity and vigour.

Nevertheless, it is obvious that the Bizet of the early operas is considerably more meditative and even lyrical than the later Bizet. He is also decidedly more sentimental. There was always, indeed, a strong strain of sentimentality in Bizet. It is particularly noticeable in Nadir's romance in 'The Pearl Fishers' and above all in the Micaëla music of 'Carmen', or even, in a more sublimated form, in the exquisite *adagietto* of 'L'Arlésienne'. There is, moreover, an occasional touch of it in Bizet's letters. It partly explains the youthful composer's fervent admiration for Gounod and incidentally his violent indignation with Wagner for having contemptuously denounced 'Faust' as "*Kokottenmusik*".

It is perhaps strange—and even a trifle disconcerting—that the virile and occasionally cynical Bizet should in his early twenties have been so passionately attached to the rather effeminate and frequently insipid composer of 'Faust'. Yet both musicians shared a passionate love of nature and have considerably more in common than is at first sight apparent. It is no mere coincidence that the most delicate—and perhaps in some respects most moving

—of their creations, 'Mireille' and 'L'Arlésienne', should both deal with sun-lit Provence.

Undeniably the influence of Gounod was to some extent a debilitating one, and Bizet (to judge from his early works) obviously experienced no little difficulty in discarding it. However, he was essentially an individualist, and his personality was fundamentally too strong to permit itself to be overshadowed by that of another man. Gounod himself was much more of the "static lyrist" than even the Bizet of 'The Pearl Fishers'—one need only bear in mind such things as "Salut, demeure" in 'Faust' or the delightful "Heureux petit berger" in 'Mireille'.

Towards the end of his life Bizet displayed an ill-disguised contempt for his early operas, which he considered unworthy of his talent. When Galabert (then his pupil) purchased the score of 'The Pearl Fishers', Bizet rebuked him with the words: "Vous n'aviez pas besoin d'avoir ça". He declared it to be a work only worthy of oblivion. Subsequently he felt he had perhaps erred on the side of severity, and with rare discrimination (apart from one or two regrettable omissions) he singled out the airs and duets that are, indeed, of lasting value: the duet in the first act, Nadir's romance, Leila's cavatina, "Comme autrefois dans la nuit sombre" and last, but not least, Zurga's monologue: "L'orage s'est calmé".

The final choice is especially interesting, as it is one of the least appreciated numbers in the whole opera and has been completely ignored by the critics. Yet there was sufficient cause for Bizet's predilection. The air in question reveals a constant searching after psychological truth (a very unusual tendency in French opera of the early sixties). It is, moreover, curiously wistful and pathetic, indeed, almost a harbinger of Othello's poignant monologue in the third act of Verdi's masterpiece.

'The Fair Maid of Perth' (Bizet's second important opera) has never been revived with genuine success. However finely performed (and Sir Thomas Beecham's production was a model of devoted care and sensitive insight), it is more than doubtful whether it could be expected to create the strong impression of the earlier work, and this quite apart from its musical merits. In 'The Pearl Fishers' the theme at least is not lacking in an element of grandeur: a man sacrifices his life to save not only the woman he loves, but also his abhorred and successful rival; heroically he ascends the funeral pyre prepared for them. I have witnessed performances of the opera at which the audience has been genuinely carried away by the sublimity of the final scene, which is—strangely enough—

omitted in performances of the work at the Opéra-Comique in Paris.

On the other hand, the libretto of 'The Fair Maid of Perth' is an unforgivable mutilation of one of Scott's most characteristic novels; there is not a single character in it that possesses the faintest breath of life; we stand aghast at the inanity of the whole story, at its blundering straining after effect. Our strongest impression is, indeed, one of grief that such a worthless concoction should have been foisted upon one of the most gifted of operatic composers, and that he, though fully aware of its senselessness and ineffectuality, should not have had the courage to reject it with the contempt it so fully deserved.

Perhaps the gap between Bizet's early and later work is not so great as is generally supposed. Bizet needed a good—or at least interesting—theme to stir his imagination. When the subject was moving and the drama or libretto finely or nobly conceived, his response was astonishingly immediate and complete. The most convincing proof of this is Daudet's 'L'Arlésienne' (what a literary masterpiece after the librettos of the earlier works!). In this case, for the first time, Bizet gave free rein to his inspiration and wrote so much music and of such fine quality that he was obliged to reserve some of it for later works. Thus the instrumental prelude to the third act of 'Carmen' and the chorus, "Quant aux douaniers, c'est notre affaire", were originally intended for 'L'Arlésienne'. If possibly slightly incongruous in a milieu such as that of 'Carmen', they are nevertheless remarkable for their spontaneity and originality.

But even in an early scholastic essay such as the cantata 'Vasco da Gama' (based on Camoens's famous epic, 'The Lusiad') Bizet had already proved that he could respond adequately to a powerful or moving situation (*e.g.* the tempest music that is genuinely dramatic). If his inspiration fails him so frequently in 'The Fair Maid of Perth' or in the duller moments of 'Djamileh', this is chiefly due to the ineffectiveness of the situations. The innate dramatist in Bizet could only really come to life when the material at his disposal was essentially dramatic and genuinely alive.

Attempts to save these early operas by a complete revision of the libretti have occasionally been made in Germany, where, on the whole, Bizet has been treated with more genuine respect and admiration than anywhere else. Famous conductors such as Felix Mottl and Felix Weingartner (to whom we owe exquisite performances of 'Djamileh') have striven to awaken interest in the entire output of the French composer. It is, however, doubtful whether such complete remodelling of a work can serve any very

useful purpose. The most astonishing and certainly the most humourless attempt to make sense of an early Bizet opera was recently made by Dr. Gunther Bibó, who completely rewrote the libretto of 'The Pearl Fishers', introduced an entirely new scene of his own invention, and supplied it with the most inappropriate recitatives in the style of the Bizet of 'Carmen'. It was, indeed, startling and a trifle ludicrous to hear the timid and bashful Leïla expressing herself in almost precisely the same manner as the truculent and defiant Carmen. The adapter also thought fit to alter the original ending, which, incidentally, is one of the strongest points of the whole work, and to replace Zurga's sacrifice by the suicide of the heroine.

One also derives the impression that the German adapter (whose curious version has had an undoubted success in Central Europe) is of the opinion that the Bizet of 'The Pearl Fishers' was merely engaged in writing lovely music without paying the least attention to the poetry or the dramatic situation. Thus a well-known passage in the famous duet in the first act :

Quand tous deux nous toucherons à l'âge  
Où les rêves des jours passés  
De notre âme sont effacés,  
Tu te rappelleras notre dernier voyage,

is not translated, but replaced by totally different and wholly inappropriate words. Such a proceeding is all the more regrettable because Bizet, in this really excellent piece of lyrical declamation, exquisitely reproduces the sentiment of nostalgic melancholy and resignation conveyed by the poet's lines. To replace them by a crude declaration of love is inexcusable. As a matter of fact, even in such an early work as 'The Pearl Fishers' one is frequently struck by Bizet's exceptional skill in expressing in every accent and every phrase the emotion conveyed, however crudely, by the pitifully inadequate text. This is particularly noticeable in Zurga's monologue in the third act, where the music is admirably adapted to the mingled sentiments of regret and jealousy that are the poet's theme.

Perhaps the German adapter was justified in considering the libretto deplorable. Its own authors had frankly admitted that "nous étions des misérables de donner cet ours infâme à un garçon de pareil talent". But in endeavouring to improve the wretched work, Bibó not only signally failed to render the plot more credible, but also undoubtedly deprived it of the slight interest it originally possessed.

The bridge that leads from the early operas to the later works is the one-act opera 'Djamileh'. It is surprising that after the outstanding success of 'The Pearl Fishers' in Paris, this work should not have been revived at the Opéra-Comique, where the habit of concluding the evening with a short one-act opera is prevalent. Why import Italian products (whether they be as crude as 'Cavalleria' or as subtle and vivacious as 'Gianni Schicchi'), or, even worse, revive the futile absurdities of that master of the inane, Adolphe Adam, when such a delicate little masterpiece is pleading to be heard. It is sad to think of the complete neglect into which this charming opera, the work of a vignettist of exquisite taste, has fallen. So many works of lesser merit are continually being unearthed, but 'Djamileh', slight, delicate and ethereal, slumbers on unnoticed.

On the whole, however, it is refreshing to note that Bizet has almost ceased to be a one-opera man, and the outstanding success of his earliest important work is one of the most significant facts in recent operatic history. It would, of course, be futile to affirm that any of these early works can be placed on the same level as 'Carmen' or 'L'Arlésienne', but they are, as Mr. Newman rightly affirms, "rich in loveliness". They undoubtedly reveal the young Bizet not only as an occasionally daring and sure-footed harmonist, but also as a musician of unquestionable originality and force who already possessed to some extent the full-blooded vitality of the great creative artist.

## ON CARILLON MUSIC

By J. STUART ARCHER

BELLS, considered as musical instruments, occupy a peculiar position. The tolling of a large "bourdon" reverberates like thunder, the jangling of small "trebles" at the other end of the scale impresses the hearer more by their lively crystalline sound than by the tune they attempt to play. Bell music may be said to lie half-way between the music of art and the so-called music of nature; it has a limited range of expression, it is sorely hampered by the imperfections of the medium through which it expresses itself, it refuses to blend with any other instrument or combination of instruments, and, as will be shown, contains within itself the elements of discord.

Anyone who has had access to the keyboard of a carillon will have speedily found that certain intervals which on the piano or organ are consonant, sound, when struck on bells, almost unendurably dissonant, and that the interval which offends more than any other is (*mirabile dictu*) the major third. Played on large bells it is unacceptable as is an augmented octave on the piano. Here then we have to deal with an instrument which requires the composer or arranger to avoid the major triad as far as is possible. A difficult problem to solve, and one sufficiently interesting to warrant a brief examination.<sup>(1)</sup>

As is well known, the peculiar "clang-tint" of any instrument depends on the harmonic overtones generated when it is sounded. In the case of the bell, these overtones do not follow the usual sequence of octave, twelfth, fifteenth, seventeenth, nineteenth, flat twenty-first and so on, but consist of a minor third, a fifth and an octave from the ground tone. And whereas in every other instrument the overtones lie above the ground tone, the bell generates what is known as a hum note which lies an octave *below* the ground tone or tap note. Thus a two-ton bell sounding middle C would, when struck, give these sounds:



<sup>(1)</sup> I have to acknowledge help and advice in the writing of this article from Mr. Frank Wright, one of our clever young carillonneurs.

the tap-note C being naturally more powerful than the overtones, of which the flat tierce is the most prominent. It becomes at once evident that a note that carries within itself the suggestion of its own minor third cannot mix happily with a companion which speaks a major third higher. And it is remarkable that this flat tierce gives the tone of the bell its individual character; were it possible to remove it, the tone would alter, and would approximate the effect of a magnified *Glockenspiel* or plain bar of metal suspended over a resonating chamber.

The seventeenth-century bell founders Hemony and van den Gheyn tuned their bells with surprising accuracy in spite of their crude foundry equipment, but until Canon Simpson of Fittleworth in Sussex drew attention to the subject in an interesting series of letters to 'The Times' in 1895, English founders had contented themselves with tuning the tap note correctly (and it must be confessed that in this they were not always successful), leaving the hum notes and overtones to take care of themselves. The hum note usually came out a sixth or a seventh lower, but as in England bells are sounded singly in change ringing, the absence of the more accurate tuning was not noticeable. Change ringers do not like the "Simpson five-tone scale" as it is called; they take exception to a certain tonal sombreness that they say it gives in change ringing which they have nicknamed "the Simpson howl". It is nevertheless quite certain that, for carillon playing, the five-tone scale is necessary, and this, by the help of the improved appliances of modern foundries, can be obtained with the utmost accuracy.

The number of bells in a carillon varies from twenty-five to sixty. Each bell is fitted with an external hammer actuated by machinery connected to a large revolving drum, on which music is pricked as on the barrel of a musical box. The internal tongue or clapper is connected to the carillon keyboard; this resembles the clavier of a fifteenth-century organ, the notes of which were struck with the clenched fist of the *pulsator organorum*. The larger bells can be played by pedals, thus giving the performer command of three independently moving parts and of certain chords of four, five and even six notes; two (adjacent) notes being grasped with each hand, and two played on the pedals.

Such is the carillon, and such are the means of its control. What sort of music does the carillonneur play, and how does he arrange it to suit the genius of his instrument? He has a certain number of original compositions from which to choose, compositions specially written for bells, among which may be noted some 'Morceaux fugués' by Matthias van den Gheyn, who held the post of carillonneur

at Louvain from 1745 till his death in 1784. Here is an extract from an Intermezzo by Jef van Hoof,<sup>(2)</sup> written for a carillon of thirty-five bells, which would comprise three octaves from the two-ton C, omitting (on the score of expense) the lowest C# and D#, as the lowest G# and A# were omitted on the old-fashioned GG organ keyboards :



The widely spaced two-part writing is effective and well laid out for the player. Notice that, as far as is possible, the composer has avoided using the major third on the accented beats and divided the work fairly equally between the two hands. The notes played by the left hand have their stems turned down.

Scheepers's 'Allegro' has quite a Handelian touch :



The chords over the rising bass figure seem a little hazardous because the character of the music forbids their being played in broken arpeggio. But the diminished seventh in bar 5 would be excellent in effect, and it may be remarked that the composer, having, as it were, found *terra firma* under his feet, seems disinclined

<sup>(2)</sup> Quoted by permission.

to move, disregarding the monotony of the six-times-repeated harmony.

In the playing of expressive slow-moving melodies the *tremolando* has to be used in order to attain continuity of melodic outline. This device finds a place in the technique of two of the more lightly esteemed instruments, the mandoline and the street piano-organ. Its use is unfortunately unavoidable, as otherwise the sonority of the larger bells used in accompaniment would overpower the feebler tone of the trebles. Here are two excerpts from an arrangement of one of Liszt's 'Liebesträume', illustrating the use of the small bells in giving out the melody, and in accompanying the melody played on the larger ones :



In listening to a carillon recital it is necessary to choose one's position with care. Particularly avoid tall buildings which throw back an echo ; do not stand too near the tower, or the roar of the large bells, which hang below the small ones, will predominate unpleasantly. Distance, in bell music, lends enchantment, and the capricious *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, with which a gentle breeze will colour the music has a peculiar appeal, such as is felt when listening to the wind blowing among the tree tops ; the phrases are broken, cease and reappear with a seeming inconsequence which the ear accepts as readily as the mind accepts the inconsequences of a dream.

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C. B. O.

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## REVIEWS OF BOOKS

*A Short History of Music.* By Alfred Einstein. pp. 214. (Cassell, London, 1936.) 6s.

Dr. Einstein tells us in the preface to this English translation of his 'Short History of Music' that it was written in a few weeks without access to books of reference. That was in 1917. The preface to the first German edition does not include this piece of information; one can imagine how German reviewers would have seized their opportunity if the author had made such a confession, especially at the age of 37. But Dr. Einstein, even at 37, was fully qualified to write such a book in such a way, and a book of this type cannot be written in any other way, except in so far as it is always advisable to verify one's dates with a dictionary. I have been comparing the English version of 1936 with the second German edition of 1919, and find that the book was not improved by the addition of various new sections and paragraphs. The first version was Dr. Einstein's personal survey of the whole history of music down to about 1914; in the English version he has added a great deal more information about early medieval music, a concluding section on "modern" music, and here and there a few remarks about English music intended to placate English readers.

There are fashions in musicology as well as in other things, and in Germany the present fashion is for the Middle Ages; a German professor has been heard to say publicly that the study of music after 1500 cannot be called *Musikwissenschaft* at all. Dr. Einstein's own particular period, on which he is undoubtedly the first authority living, is the sixteenth century, more especially the Italian music of that century. On the sixteenth century he writes—or wrote in 1917—with the broad view of one who is competent to see that century as a whole; his additions about the earlier period are written in a different style. They summarize the results of recent research, but they do not give us so detached a picture as the rest of the book. As regards the English composers, it is amusing to compare the Einstein of 1917 with that of 1936. He has told us how the national German style of Luther's friend Senfl and his contemporaries gave way to the Italian influence in the last 30 years of the XVIth century.

In England there was an unreserved surrender to the art of Italy, and the closing century produced a copious burgeoning of Italian madrigals and canzonets, charming and effective indeed, in the English language. In Germany the attempt was soon given up, and composers found it less trouble to write their Italian madrigals to words in Italian, &c.

But in 1936 Dr. Einstein writes:

It would be a mistake to regard the English madrigal as a mere imitation of its Italian forbear. . . . Instead of the Italian conventionality and over-refinement of expression we find a more personal spirit, a more robust and more natural emotion, not to mention a greater certainty, instinctively acquired, in the handling of harmony and rhythm, &c.

Most reviewers of this book have complained that it takes a very German view of music. If they had read the German edition carefully, and had tried to read it from the point of view of an ordinary German reader in 1917, they might well be amazed at Dr. Einstein's cosmopolitan detachment, and at his determination to do full justice to England at every moment when England really contributed something new to the history of music in general. He mentions a good many minor Germans unknown to most English readers, it is true, but he makes it quite clear that Germany never controlled the main stream of music until the romantic period. It is only when we come to the familiar "great masters" that the author's instinctive Germanism becomes more and more apparent. He betrays himself sometimes in earlier chapters. There is a curious dragging in of Bach into the XVth century:

The music of the XV century had been full of ingenuity and intellectual contrivance; what the XVI century contributed was the directly sensuous, poetic expression of an idea. We find these two attitudes most wonderfully reconciled in Bach, who may be said in this sense to have succeeded to an artistic inheritance that was centuries old.

One discovers that Dr. Einstein has two kinds of musical enthusiasm—perhaps we all have: the enthusiasm of the researcher, which makes Marenzio and Monteverdi as vivid to his emotions as any moderns, and the enthusiasm of the good German concert-goer about Bach, the Viennese classics, Schubert most of all, Wagner and Bruckner. In the preface of 1919 he said:

Art reaches its goal at every period, and a symphony of Beethoven does not really stand higher than a piece of Gregorian plainsong or a motet of Orlando Lasso.

Yet there are many minute touches, perhaps unconscious, by which in his book he suggests that all music is gradually moving to its perfection in Bach, Beethoven or Wagner. And when we come to the last sad chapter (which somewhat against the grain I had to translate myself) we see that Bach, Beethoven and Wagner still remain the author's gods. I learn from this book that Wackenroder was the originator of that typically German doctrine that instrumental music is morally superior to vocal, and even in the XVIth century I observe Dr. Einstein preparing his *canzone* and *ricercari* for the responsibilities incumbent upon them when they grow up to be sonatas and symphonies.

It is unfortunate that the translators of these early chapters have not always understood the intentions of the author. There is a curious error at the top of p. 36; *Nachzeitigkeit* does not mean "posterity" but "posteriority" and the sentence should run thus:

Both in sacred and secular music of this century we note the increasing habit of developing the subsidiary parts from themes of the principal part, so as to link them together intellectually, to establish artistic unity not merely by simultaneous combination as in the old motet, but also in the succession of motives.

"Liturgical" no doubt represents *liturgisch*, but in English it is misleading; what the author means is that the "liturgical" part is a piece of original plainsong, even though varied. The "so-called Discant Mass" may be so called in Germany, but I fancy we have no English name for it; *Diskant* is German for "treble", and a *Diskantmesse* means a Mass in which the treble (instead of the tenor) is the leading part.

There are more mistakes on p. 54. The German *handwerksmässige Koloristen* were no doubt "professional", but what Dr. Einstein means is

that they were conventional, and that their performance was a matter of mere routine. The last sentence on the page is very clumsily rendered and would go better thus :

Towards the end of the century the *Canzon francese* divides (though not always very sharply) into two separate types—the *Sonata* for wind instruments and the *Canzona* for strings. The former is a fully scored piece of festal music, the latter chamber music, more lightly scored and more delicately wrought. The one is the ancestor of the symphony and the concerto, the other of the chamber sonata.

I translate as literally as I can ; but Dr. Einstein's use of the words *Sinfonie*, *Konzert*, and *Sonate* is misleading. All German writers seem to have a curious reverence for the words symphony and sonata—I suppose because of Beethoven's—and this is one of the places where Dr. Einstein seems to be leading the history of music up to the German "great masters". But what he really means is merely that the end of the XVIth century saw a certain division of instrumental music into types suited for different acoustic conditions and social surroundings. He admits later on that in the XVIIIth century there was no clear distinction between symphonic and chamber music ; and the reader must not suppose that the *Canzona*, whether for wind or strings, was the ancestor of the sonata form, though it is certainly an ancestor of the *concerto grosso* form. There are several more mistranslations in this section : p. 61 "hardly less important works"—the German edition of 1919 has no equivalent of "hardly" ; "performance by trained singers" should be "by the trained church choir". In the next sentence the translator seems to have missed the point, as he splits the sentence into two and adds the unnecessary word "meanwhile" ; what Dr. Einstein means is that when the tune was in the tenor, the composer gave a personal interpretation to it through the counterpoints which he wrote above it, whereas when the tune was in the treble, harmonized in plain chords, the composer effaced himself and represented the whole congregation. Robert Bridges says almost exactly the same thing about the early English chants for the Psalms and Canticles. On the next page, line 6, for "utterance" read "interpretation".

In discussing the music of the XVIIth century Dr. Einstein is misled against his own better judgment by his ineradicable German habit of separating instrumental from vocal music. On p. 70 he quite rightly says that "there was no fundamental difference between sacred concerted music, secular chamber music, opera, oratorio or even instrumental chamber music. The ideal that inspired all these forms was song". But when he comes to talk of instrumental music of the XVIIth century (p. 84ff) he forgets the vocal music entirely, and seems concerned with two points only—the development of the elaborate instrumental fugue on one subject (as opposed to the *canzona* type on several subjects) and the evolution of the sonata as a standardized group of movements. This is, I know, the orthodox way of looking at XVIIth century music. I should have preferred to point out that fugue or *fugato* is (as Donald Tovey says) a method of composing and not a form, and that as a method it runs through all the music of the XVIIth century and of what the Germans call the Baroque period—i.e. till the death of J. S. Bach. The evolution of form in this period is most complicated, and it can only be understood by regarding all music as one, and ignoring any

distinction between vocal and instrumental. The grouping of movements goes back several centuries.

Up to this period the book has been widely informative and often singularly illuminating. From the time that J. S. Bach comes on the scene it is illuminating in another sense; it shows us Western readers, educated in Latin cultural traditions, the peculiar assumptions of the German mind. Dr. Einstein devotes much space to the history of the Italian solo cantata, but deplores its elaboration because it produced too wide a gulf between "art-music" and the music of the people, a gulf which was to be filled by the German *Lied*. *Lied* is another word for which the German mind has a strange reverence. It is said to be untranslatable, and it is true that England, France and Italy have all in recent years adopted the German word *Lied* to signify what some people call an "art-song", i.e. the sort of song that a self-respecting singer can sing at a recital. It distinguishes, for instance, the songs of Pizzetti and Respighi from those of Denza and Tosti. But these modern concert songs are not in the least what the Germans would call *Lieder*; in fact the word would be more suitable to the Neapolitan street-songs, for they are strophic, and the *Lied* is (as Dr. Einstein tells us) essentially strophic. The fact is that we Westerners have accepted as "classical" a vast quantity of rubbish just because it was written by famous Viennese composers. To them it was *volkstümlich*: to us it was either classical or had the charm of the exotic, just as Scotch and Irish tunes occasionally provide an exotic charm to Central Europeans. One can hardly blame Dr. Einstein if his views of the "great masters", classical and romantic, are conventional; it is difficult to write anything new about them, though perhaps in twenty years' time or so the younger generation will face them honestly. On p. 130 of the English version Haydn's quartets and symphonies are said to be a supreme achievement of the human mind; in the German edition of 1919 they are *Grosstaten des deutschen Geistes*. Sir Henry Hadow is convinced that Haydn was a Croatian.

The chapter on Mozart has suffered from a translator who models his style on Kelly's 'Keys to the Classics'. But he achieves a master-stroke in translating *derb* as "out-and-out English"! Beethoven and Schubert have been fortunate in securing far the best translator of the party, though even he is sometimes baffled by that awkward German use of the word *Pathos* and *pathetisch*; he finds for other German idioms astonishingly right English equivalents. "Pathos" is certainly right for *das Rührsame*; "aphoristic" for *spirituell* is admirable, and so are "smug" for *vormärzlich* and "volcanic climax" for *grausige Entladung*. This translator too has the jargon of "mystical experience" and "divine immanence" at his fingers' ends, which is useful in dealing with Beethoven's third period. Is he responsible for "that incomparable song of sorrow which we wrong by calling it 'Unfinished' "? It is not in the 1919 edition, but it is an arresting piece of criticism. Dr. Einstein has some excellent observations on 'Fidelio', and on the transition from comic to romantic opera: there can be no doubt that romantic opera arose out of *opera buffa* as sentimentalized in the later XVIIIth century. How admirable is this paragraph on Schubert:

Franz Schubert is the romantic classic. . . . What distinguished him from the classics is his mastery in a hitherto unimagined realm, the magical sphere of sheer sound. Here, in the world of pure sound in which they live and move, is the ground

common to all the true romantics ; here is the bond that links them, the clue to their obscure relationships.

Again, on Mendelssohn :

In Mendelssohn there appeared for the first time in romantic music the material elements of earlier music—historical re-creation. Just as romanticism in literature . . . rediscovered the Middle Ages, so in music it steeped itself in the mysterious art of Palestrina. It was Mendelssohn himself who brought Bach's St. Matthew-Passion to life again after a century's sleep. . . . Modern musicology is to a great extent a child of the romantic movement.

With Weber we come to more errors of translation. *Das Heimliche des deutschen Waldes* does not mean the "homeliness" of the German forest ; and whoever talked about Emma's "grim funeral music" must have had very little acquaintance with the opera which she haunted.

When we read the later chapters we may be thankful that we live in the "land without music". We can admire German music, but we have no national feelings about it ; our cellar has room for many other wines besides Hock and Moselle. Dr. Einstein's last pages suggest that he was thoroughly bored by his duties as critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt* (though none of his readers can ever have been bored by his criticisms), and that since he has divided his life between Italy and England he has been only too glad to desert the opera-house and the concert-room for the more tranquil delights of the library. His book is one that could have been written only by a great scholar. The German preface shows more clearly than the English one that it was intended to present the history of the art as a whole, and not to be the conventional series of hero-portraits, although the author confessed that in the later period single portraits were impossible to avoid. But the value of the book lies in its combination of sympathy and detachment, and most especially in the penetrating insight with which periods and general movements are summed up in a few pregnant sentences. Every page should provoke the reader to pursue further trains of thought for himself.

E. J. D.

*Essays in Musical Analysis.* By Donald Francis Tovey. Vol. IV : *Illustrative Music.* pp. 176. (Oxford University Press, 1936.) 10s. 6d.

This is the fourth of the five promised volumes of Sir Donald Tovey's analytical essays : its predecessors were reviewed in the issues of 'Music & Letters' for April 1935 (Vols. I and II) and last January (Vol. III).

The present volume is devoted to what Sir Donald calls "illustrative music" : that is—

Music which, being under no compulsion to adapt its habits to words, actions, or ceremonies, confesses itself to be descriptive independently of circumstances. Such a confession need not prevent it from justifying itself as absolute music ; but the terms "programme music" and "the Romantic School" are applied to music that confesses ; while music that does not confess is called "absolute" and "classical".

Naturally, as Sir Donald points out, there must be omissions in analyses confined to the programmes of a particular series of concerts : Mahler, whose absence from all the volumes is deplored, would, as a matter of fact, have come in had the Edinburgh performance, in the 1936-7 season, of the G major Symphony been in time. There are, also,

one or two works here which would, had their concerts been early enough, have found a more convenient place in a non-illustrative environment.

Sixty works are discussed, from Dittersdorf and Mozart down to productions of a year or two ago : altogether, twenty-six composers are represented. All the outstandingly high qualities with which we are familiar in Sir Donald's essays are once again fully in evidence : let us take these for granted and look at some details.

The longest essay is devoted to Elgar's 'Falstaff', for which Sir Donald has a very special admiration : an interesting and not at all orthodox choice, shared, however, we may recollect, by Delius and Professor Dent, both of them much less sympathetic than Sir Donald to Elgar's work in general. It is a very close and subtle piece of analysis, supplemented by numerous footnotes contributed by the composer : perhaps, however, its arguments may not fully convince those who feel that the fine music is at times rather uncomfortable in its programmatic swaddling-bands, and that we enjoy it most if we can bring ourselves to worry about them less than either Sir Donald or the composer.

Almost as long is the essay on the second and third 'Leonora' Overtures, "the operatic prelude and the perfect tone-poem", a splendidly reasoned and conclusive discussion of one of the most crucial problems in the history of musical form : incidentally, how many other critics, it may be wondered, have realized that the unique triplet tremolo quavers in the *tutti* of No. 2 imply a somewhat slower tempo than that required in the *allegro* of No. 3 ? (In the brief supplementary essay on the unimportant No. 1, Sir Donald makes no reference to Josef Braunstein's 1927 book on the overtures, but accepts apparently without question the traditional view that it is a misnumbered work dating from 1807 and not really the first but discarded 1805 version, as Braunstein—whom I myself know only at second hand in Rolland's 'Beethoven the Creator'—seems to claim to have proved.)

In the twenty pages on Mendelssohn outstanding things are particularly numerous. 'Ruy Blas' occasions the most brilliantly witty pages in the book ; and much solemn academic head-shaking over the initial harmonies of the Wedding March would have been saved if all the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music had been known as Sir Donald knows it. He refers to some points in the autograph of 'The Hebrides' (in its final 1832 version) which the late Professor Case was accustomed kindly to show to his Oxford friends : perhaps I might add one or two further details from my own recollection—the subsequently modified scoring of the last page was different in some notable respects, as was, still more so, that of the continuation of the second subject at its reappearance in B major, while the *appoggiatura* that lends special grace to the cadence of the same subject in its complete form was shown, by the differently coloured ink, to be a later afterthought.

Other essays that, if we have to make a selection, may perhaps claim our special notice are those on Hindemith—a very friendly and broad-minded approach—on Wagner's 'Faust' overture, Weber's 'Euryanthe', Joachim's 'Gozzi' Comedy-Overture, Strauss's 'Don Juan', and Parry's 'Overture to an Unwritten Tragedy'—where, however, Sir Donald overlooks the composer's letter to Herbert Thompson (Graves's 'Life', ii, 181-2), confessing that 'Othello' had been in his

mind. And even though some sentences in the preface seem to show a little fretfulness under the attacks of ardent Berliozians, they and the rest of us may find abundant instruction as well as humour in the discussions of 'Harold in Italy' and 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'King Lear' (which Sir Donald ranks, to my own way of thinking, curiously highly) : might he not however have added the vocal scherzetto—as fine Queen Mab music as the familiar orchestral piece—to the 'Convoi funèbre' as remarkable things hidden from us unless we are prepared to endure 'Romeo and Juliet' in all its queer entirety? And though Sir Donald is quite ready to poke fun at Berlioz, nothing could be handsomer than his *amende honorable* in the footnote on page 89.

All through the book, Sir Donald scatters with a lavish hand epigrammatic *obiter dicta* of the utmost suggestiveness. The pre-Ring operas "were not the normal antecedents of Wagner's maturity—they were, on their musical side, the works of a composer who was continually mistaking bad art for good": "vulgarity in the ordinary (or vulgar) offensive sense lies not in dialects and not in facts, but in errors of valuation": "performances marked by the perfunctory efficiency which never rises beyond the level of that skill in sight-reading for which British musicians were already famous in the days of Wagner": "Mozart's dance music is no dream of Utopia, but was a bourgeois reality in the Vienna of his time": and so on and so on, *ad lib.* And a passage on pp. 103-4, too long to quote, is the final word of wisdom about concert-performances of music originally designed for stage presentation.

Sir Donald describes the main portion of Beethoven's 'Namensfeier' Overture (which, by the by, is always called Op. 114 instead of 115) as *allegro quasi vivace*, directing special attention to the qualifying significance of the second word: however, the standard Breitkopf score has *allegro assai vivace*, and I have not found anything that says otherwise. Has Sir Donald perhaps had access to some recently discovered manuscript? Not, though, that there is any practical difference: Beethoven never, I think, employs the term *assai* in the intensive sense that has been usual in the music of the last hundred years.

And as hunting for penslips in these essays is a sport in which there are few rewards, it may perhaps be remarked that the final chord in the first act of 'Tristan' is scored for three trombones as well as the trumpets: that the drumroll on the dominant of the last chord of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' Overture can be paralleled at the end of the adagio of Brahms's D minor Concerto: and that the quotation from Lewis Carroll's 'Sylvie and Bruno' (p. 100) is not verbally accurate.

E. W.

*Paganini: The Romantic Virtuoso.* By Jeffrey Pulver. pp. 328. (Herbert Joseph, London, 1936) 12s. 6d.

A biographer does well to begin by informing himself of the name of his subject. Mr. Pulver has neglected this precaution. Paganini's Christian name was Niccolò. So he signed himself in the first of his letters that have come down to us (October 12th, 1814), as in the last (May 12th, 1840). Nor do we find that he adopted any variant in the meantime. But Mr. Pulver has, so far as can be judged, failed to make use of the collection of Paganini's letters, which were published by

Arturo Codignola at Genoa in 1935. After making sure of his subject's name a biographer is well advised to look through the available letters; but Mr. Pulver does not mention Codignola's volume. He names no source of information later than 1852. He remarks: "In the whole of the abundant literature devoted to Paganini there is not a single volume quite free from chronological and factual errors." Codignola would have helped him to compose a useful book, instead of maintaining that unfortunate tradition. Usefulness, however, is less our author's intent than picturesqueness. The quality of picturesqueness and of Mr. Pulver's English is quite fairly represented by the phrase on the first page of the book in which we are introduced to Paganini as

the gaunt, cadaverous figure of a living enigma; at once glorious, pitiful, mighty, feeble and seemingly ageless—a vision of the incarnate will to scale Olympian heights on feet of clay.

Such exotic flowers of speech are here to be culled by the handful. Collectors are particularly recommended not to miss the chapter entitled 'Paganini's English setting'. *Exempli gratia*:

He reached the capital preceded by the speedy post-horses of scandal and the glamorous expresses of Satan. London was still reclining on the Cytherean couch bequeathed by the Regency; adventure in the ante-chamber and the thrill of the unknown in the dressing-room was the breath of life to the lettered libertine. . . . The wise and virtuous lady who was to become Queen Victoria was only twelve years old; the moral vacuum-cleaner which she brought to bear on Court and Society was still an unsuspected possibility; much might yet be done on behalf of Dionysus, Aphrodite and the Satyrs.

So much for the manner. The trustworthiness of the matter may be tested by examination of a few crucial places. One of the singularities of the book is the frivolous way in which the author discards one of Paganini's principal claims to glory, namely, his generous gift of twenty thousand francs to Berlioz in 1838, after the famous performance of 'Harold en Italie'. Here Mr. Pulver calmly accepts what is, after all, no more than a piece of gossip in Hallé's memoirs, to the effect that the real benefactor was Bertin (as proprietor of the 'Débats', Berlioz's employer) and that Paganini took the credit of the handsome gesture to preserve Bertin's anonymity and enhance the effect of the gift. Mr. Pulver says: "The most recent research has not improved upon Hallé's version of the truth". The truth is that there is no support whatever for Hallé's version. Mr. Pulver should have turned for a moment from his cult of the orchidaceous to glance at Paganini's letter of February 17th, 1839, to his lawyer Germin. This was written soon after the appearance of an article in a Turin newspaper written in appreciation of the generous deed. Paganini, so often and ferociously attacked in his day for want of generosity, had been much touched by the tribute, and wrote to Germin: "I could not help accompanying my reading of it with great teardrops sprung from my joy." It is incredible that Paganini should have written so to his confidant if Hallé's story was true. Paganini was a queer fish, but nothing leads us to suppose him so ignoble as to pretend in his old friend's eyes to an act of generosity that was not his at all.

More trifling in importance, yet indicative of the flimsiness of this biography, is Mr. Pulver's treatment of the affair of the London girl Charlotte Watson, who ran off to France after Paganini (June 1834), pursued, however, by her father who caught her at Boulogne in time. There was a pretty hubbub in the newspapers, Paganini being accused

of attempted seduction. Mr. Pulver accepts Paganini's exculpatory letters at their face value. "Foolishly but innocently he took an interest in Miss Watson's voice and suggested that she should go to Paris where he would train it." She is "the calculating Miss Watson" (she was only sixteen, or at the most eighteen). But Mr. Pulver does not tell the whole story. He speaks of her as, later on, using "stories of alleged matrimonial offers from the great violinist as advertising material". But the offers were more than alleged; they were very definite. After the frustrated elopement the girl went to New York, whereupon Paganini sent his valet after her to press his suit. He was not merely interested in Miss Watson's voice. Germi knew well that he was ready, if necessary, to go to the altar. Paganini actually proposed to the girl's father that, if she would marry him, he would pay for the removal of the Watson family to Italy.

Paganini died "unhousel'd, unanel'd", and a strange scandal followed, owing to the refusal of the bishop of Nice to sanction burial in consecrated ground. We are not interested in Mr. Pulver's totally impertinent opinion of the validity of the sacrament of last unction. His conjectures as to the inner workings of Paganini's mind in the days of his extremity ("Possibly his unconventional mind could not welcome an invitation to settle his earthly accounts with a man to whom its innermost workings must always have remained inexplicable," &c.) are, if possible, of still less value, for they are put forward in complacent ignorance or obliviousness of a large number of easily accessible and interesting facts. The story of the clerical persecution of Paganini's mortal remains is, indeed, far more involved and curious than this flighty biographer suggests. "Three days before Paganini died", says Mr. Pulver, "he curtly dismissed the priest". So, indeed, the priest (Caffarelli) said; but Paganini's biographer should know that Caffarelli's perjury is pretty well established. Caffarelli saw the dying Paganini once only. Tubercular laryngitis, or whatever the disease was, had rendered Paganini speechless for more than two years. We possess evidence from two witnesses that he was willing to confess in writing, but Caffarelli's visit was interrupted by the patient's extenuation in a fit of coughing and vomiting and the priest apparently took no further steps to carry out the duties that had been particularly enjoined on him by the Nice bishop, Galvano. Why did Caffarelli lie in the course of the subsequent legal proceedings?—for lie he certainly did, asserting that Paganini had told him to go away, that Caffarelli had worried him all too much, that the priest's wishes could not be acceded to, and repeatedly again that he should go away. But we know that Paganini was voiceless! Codignola ascribes the priest's perjury and the bitterness of the *parti pris* he displayed against Paganini in the later proceedings to his endeavours to justify himself in the bishop's eyes and to clear himself of negligence in the discharge of his duties. We have the evidence of a servant that when the priest came out of the sick man's room he told her that Paganini had promised to confess in writing. But whether from respectable principles on the bishop's part or prejudice or mere amour-propre, the result was an implacable persecution by the Church throughout the Sardinian States of Paganini's bones which were not interred in consecrated ground until 1876. How much more interesting straight history is than half-baked *vies romances*! True, it means taking a certain amount of trouble.

R. C.

*The Life of Richard Wagner.* By Ernest Newman. Vol. II : 1848-1860. pp. 588. (Cassell, London, 1937). 30s.

Unlike many things long and eagerly awaited, this second volume of Mr. Newman's great work brings no disappointments. It is possible to see tiny flaws in it, and criticism inevitably fastens on and seems to magnify such flaws, but the greatness of the achievement is undeniable. These twelve years of Wagner's life, the years of exile after the Dresden rising, present unusual difficulties to the biographer owing to their very richness. He has not only to trace an outward sequence of events: the life in Zürich, the London expedition, and so on, but an unusually complicated inner sequence: the emotional life of Minna's husband and the lover of Jessie Laussot and Mathilde Wesendonck, the intellectual life of the author of 'Oper und Drama' and the other prose works, and the artistic life of a great composer just arrived at full maturity. Nor is this all. Wagner's most understanding friend throughout this period is off the Zürich stage most of the time, yet all the vicissitudes of the Liszt-Wagner friendship must be followed in detail—and they are not always easy to understand. Add to this the fact that the hero's earlier works were leading a more or less independent existence of their own, spreading all over Germany while their author could only look on helplessly from afar, and that their fortunes too must be followed and the whole cultural background of Germany and Switzerland washed in incidentally. The problem is as difficult as any a biographer could be faced with and Mr. Newman solves it in a masterly way, always keeping the threads clear, never dropping one too long while he attends to the others.

To the very large bibliography of Vol. I Mr. Newman now adds no fewer than eighty-three fresh sources. It is characteristic of his industry that, for the sake of a few lines about Gottfried Keller, who made Wagner's acquaintance in 1855, and Keller's boon companion, the piano-teacher Baumgartner, he has combed the three volumes of Baechtold's 'Kellers, Leben, Briefe und Tagebücher'.

The reader is conscious on every page that the book is the work of a scholar and humanist who must have mastered the whole available Wagner literature about forty years ago and who has studied every scrap of the masses of it that have appeared since—conscious not because of any parade of learning or the reference given for practically every statement, but because of the ease with which the author moves through the labyrinth. Now and again, it is true, Mr. Newman's very familiarity with the characters in the drama tempts him, naturally enough, into over-confident assertions. He knows them so well that he feels he knows their inmost minds sometimes better than they did themselves, knows that when they wrote one thing they meant quite another. The fault is common enough in modern biography, but it is a pity that Mr. Newman should have allowed himself, after summarizing Liszt's letter to Wagner of January 15th, 1852, to say flatly that "all this, of course, meant nothing whatever; Liszt was merely being gracefully polite in his usual way." Perhaps he was, but it is equally possible that he sincerely meant what he said. Biography demands psychological understanding, but unhappily psychological analysis sometimes turns out to be false in exact proportion to its subtlety.

In his anxiety to convey precisely Wagner's state of mind after his escape from Dresden, for instance, Mr. Newman ends by leaving us as confused as Wagner seems to have been himself. We are told on pages 88 and 94 that Wagner "knew that he had done enough to bring him well within the scope of the law in the event of the failure of the revolution" and that by May 9th "he could not have the least illusion now as to the danger he was in" (Mr. Newman is anxious to prove, and does prove fairly convincingly, how deeply he was implicated in the rising), while on pages 104, 108 and 111 we learn that in Weimar he "actually thought, for a few days, that when the storm in Dresden had blown over he would be able to return there and even resume his post at the theatre", but that "he was soon to discover that his situation was far more serious than he imagined", and that even after his arrival in Zürich "he was still unaware of the full magnitude of the danger that threatened him in Dresden".

In discussing Wagner's relations with Minna, Jessie Laussot and the Wesendoncks, Mr. Newman is always admirably objective and impartial; the Mathilde Wesendonck affair in particular is treated with more human understanding and more cool common sense than by any previous biographer. Moreover Mr. Newman admits frankly that, after all, "the whole matter of the relations of Wagner and Mathilde is wrapped in an obscurity that is at present utterly impenetrable". It is only when he touches Liszt that Mr. Newman begins to see things through distorting spectacles. On the whole Liszt fares better here than in 'The Man Liszt'; bare justice is occasionally done to his "open-handedness", his anxiety "to lighten the heavy load of Wagner's material cares", and so on; but Mr. Newman values his assistance to Wagner (for instance, the Weimar production of 'Lohengrin') very much lower than Wagner himself did—and excessive gratitude was not one of the master's weaknesses. Mr. Newman's analysis of the whole relationship between the two men is deeply interesting and often very subtle, but (exceptionally) it is not impartial. For instance, on pp. 191-2 we are told that "the one thing Liszt does *not* seem to have contemplated at this time was the production of 'Lohengrin' in Weimar. He was no doubt a little scared at the difficulties it presented, and perhaps none too sanguine of its attracting the public". But on Mr. Newman's own showing (p. 206) the forces at Weimar, even if augmented, were "lamentably inadequate" for such a work: "'Lohengrin', strictly speaking, was impossible there." Why, then, sneer at Liszt for being "a little scared" at it? Again, Liszt is blamed on p. 372, as he was blamed by Wagner, for his weakness in not interfering effectively in the Leipzig production of 'Tannhäuser' in January 1854, and on p. 392 for being "unreasonable, unyielding and tactless" for insisting in April 1854 on genuine effective control of the proposed production of 'Tannhäuser' in Berlin. No doubt Liszt had learned through Bülow of Wagner's annoyance at his Leipzig "complaisance". But whether "weak" in January or "unyielding" in April, he is equally wrong in Mr. Newman's eyes. Or take the well-known incident of Liszt's quarrel with Schumann over Meyerbeer in 1848. In Vol. I of Mr. Newman's work (p. 463) we were told that Schumann was "unable, no doubt, to bear up against the combined assault of Liszt and Wagner" (in 'Mein Leben' Wagner does not actually say that he took sides, but makes it clear that his sympathies were with

Liszt, i.e. for Meyerbeer and against Mendelssohn) and that "after this meeting, Wagner was so sure of Liszt's affection" that he soon began to turn to him for financial help. Now (Vol. II, p. 190) we are told that "we may be certain that, during the quarrel with Schumann, Wagner did not put up a fight for Meyerbeer . . . Lina Ramann makes out that, owing to Liszt's advocacy of Meyerbeer, Wagner became suspicious of Liszt and ill-disposed towards him. 'From that evening', she says, 'dated Wagner's ill-feeling against Liszt. . . .'" Mr. Newman generally puts Lina Ramann in the same class as Ferdinand Praeger and Baron Munchausen, but here for once he unquestioningly accepts her statement as "throwing new light on the relations of the pair at this time". It would be interesting to know how Mr. Newman reconciles his two accounts. Even when he grudgingly admits that "there is a good deal to be said for" Liszt's views on the aesthetics of music-drama (pp. 294-5), views that Mr. Newman himself has expounded very emphatically at times (e.g., in his own little 'Wagner' of 1904, pp. 62-4), he brushes them aside as "special pleading for Liszt's own—or was it the Princess's?—ideal of the symphonic poem".

Only one person fares worse than Liszt: that very Newmannesque Victorian figure, J. W. Davison. Davison had a vein of facetiousness that was not to all tastes, but Mr. Newman should have left it to some less playful writer to pillory him as "the buffoon of 'The Times'" who "wrote with a blustering cocksure belief in himself and a knockabout comedian's gusto in his journalism".

Mr. Newman is at his best when he gets away from personalities he dislikes and settles down to the business of real critical scholarship. His history of the development of 'The Ring' from its probable source in Friedrich Theodor Vischer's 'Kritische Gänge' (1844) is profoundly interesting, and the chapter on the changes and consequent inconsistencies in the libretto produced by the gradual maturing of Wagner's conception is a masterly piece of analysis.

I have detected only one misprint. The date 1807 in the second note on p. 152 should, of course, be 1817.

G. A.

*The Approach to Plainsong through the Office Hymn.* By J. H. Arnold. pp. 29. (Oxford University Press, 1937) 2s. 6d.

Choirmasters will find the value of this book inversely proportionate to its modest dimensions, for the concern of the author has not been with the musicology of the subject, but with the practical issues involved in the singing of plainsong. Granted that the latter is not an important musical element in the ordinary Church of England service, yet, as the author rightly says, "it frequently happens that the choirmaster or organist who has had little or no opportunity of studying the peculiar technique of plainsong or its accompaniment is called upon to include the Office Hymn in his choir repertory; and apart from brief versicles and responses, and possibly the Eucharistic Creed, this may quite easily be the only point at which he will ever make contact with this ancient but ever new art form." There is, however, no reason why this slight contact should be the signal for slipshod performance, and Mr. Arnold's notes are offered with the view to helping choirs and choirmasters to a more thorough

and understanding knowledge of plainsong singing. The author has been wise not to assume an avidity in the reader for the intricate technicalities of barring and notation, so that the sections dealing with these matters are short and to the point. This has left valuable space for a discussion of the question of rhythm in plainsong: a question of subtle import, for the ideal performance must reconcile two seemingly opposed things, the metrical freedom of speech and the formal claims of music.

E. R.

*Views and Interviews.* By Irving Schwerké. 2nd Edition. pp. 213. (Orphelins-Apprentis d'Auteuil, Paris, 1936)

This is a collection of articles by an American critic resident in Paris, reprinted mostly from magazines and newspapers where critical perception matters less than sensational news. A "story" was wanted in most cases, and much of this kind of journalism, republished as it is here, complete with captions, seems hardly to have a place in any book. Still, when all that is merely topical has been discarded, there are some useful pieces of information that were worth preserving. The history of the Paris Opéra is adequately told in thirteen pages; the biographers of Saint-Saëns and Prokofiev might be able to use an anecdote or two not hitherto published; and there are informative essays on the work of Paul Dukas and Georges Migot, though one is inclined to be put off by the over-enthusiastic tone and the diffuse style. The best thing in the book is the article on Jean Cartan (reprinted from 'Music and Letters', July 1934). Mr. Schwerké says that this brilliant composer is to the music of France "what Keats is to the literature of England". That puts him on a higher pedestal than even his countrymen have claimed for him; but in his extraordinary idealism, revealed here in extracts from his letters and diary, modern French music certainly had its greatest hope. Cartan died in 1932, in his twenty-sixth year.

E. L.

*Nouvelle Histoire de la musique.* By Henry Prunières. Vol. II: *La Musique des XVII<sup>e</sup> et XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècles.* pp. 324. (Rieder, Paris, 1936)

When the first volume of this work was published one noticed that, although it had advanced to the beginning of the seventeenth century, it excluded the great musical florescence in Tudor England. But M. Prunières has kept his promise to deal with that school, which he had postponed because, in his view, it pointed forward to the future more enterprisingly than that of its contemporaries in Italy and France. Be that as it may, he now deals very fairly and on the whole with the handsomest appreciation with British music. However, having missed his opportunity earlier, and being brought down to Haydn at the end of the second of the four volumes in which he has planned his history, he is obliged to cover more English ground all at once than is good for the general distribution of his material. He goes back as far as Robert Fayrfax and Christopher Tye, whose contemporaries he had done with long ago in vol. i, and proceeds forward *via* Handel to the time of Haydn's visits to England, dismissing the years between these two masters more curtly than even so arid a period deserves, since little more than a footnote mentioning "Maurice Greene, Arne, Linley, &c." is devoted to it.

The truth is that M. Prunières's arrangement of the history by geographical areas is beginning to prove embarrassing to him, and what it will lead to when he comes to modern music in his final volume is not to be imagined. Even now, before we come at last upon the early Tudor musicians, we have twice reached the later eighteenth century, first in Italy, then in France, to each of which countries a hundred pages or so are devoted before England is considered. And then, again, Spain and the Germanic countries are still left in the air, as though their doings had never concerned Italians, Frenchmen and Englishmen in the least.

If these national compartments could be kept really watertight, all might possibly be well; but, needless to say, they cannot. There is the problem of Handel, for instance. He is for the most part brought into the English section—with almost as much justification, it is true, as Lully is put into the French one—but M. Prunières cannot help reverting to him when he comes at length to his discussion of German masters. Another international figure shows even more glaringly how dangerous is this division by countries: Gluck. M. Prunières is forced to discuss the earlier part of his career under Italian opera and later on to entitle a chapter of his French section 'Gluck et le drame lyrique'. Nor is that the whole of the problem, which is further complicated by Gluck's curious relapses into conservative Metastasian Italianism and by the fact that M. Prunières so much values the French comic operas Gluck wrote for Vienna earlier than the great serious French works that he must needs give them yet another separate entry under 'L'Opéra-comique'.

That M. Prunières should make his readers double back on their tracks so often for the sake of classification is the more strange because he is by no means, as one had rather suspected on reading his first volume, obsessed by national prejudices. If he does not see the models of French comic opera in Gluck's work alone, it is only because he associates the Italian-born Duni with him, and while he adores the charming stage works of such composers as Philidor and Monsigny, he has hardly a good word to say for Dalayrac and a not much better one for Grétry; nor is he averse from making it plain that the music as well as the librettos of these often insipid *comédies larmoyantes* at times reaches a sentimental vapidité which no effort at revival could make tolerable again. Even Lully, in whose work M. Prunières has long specialized with enthusiasm, and who certainly gets more than his fair share of space, by no means escapes without just criticism. The editor of his complete works makes no bones about saying candidly that Purcell, at whom he can otherwise hit hard enough, though never unjustifiably, is a far more aristocratic and original master than the Italian creator of French heroic opera.

Where that opera itself is concerned, our French historian is, again, perfectly open-minded. He takes proper pride in the undoubted fact that it is the only species of early dramatic music that was not an imitation of Italian models; but he does not hesitate to show that its products are frequently pompous and dull, nor that, thoroughly French as it was and remained (chiefly in its literary aspects, one may add), it owed its existence to an Italian and its most glorious continuance to a German. (Only M. Prunières will persist in upholding the untenable assertion that Gluck was a Czech.)

More astonishing still is M. Prunières's attitude towards Couperin (whom he seems at first to miss altogether when he finishes a paragraph on the clavecinists with the great Couperin's uncle, Louis, and does not revert to the school, or to François, until some sixty pages later). Of course he loves Couperin, as every Frenchman thinks he alone can, and as in fact everyone else does; but that does not prevent him from making some comparisons very favourable to the English virginalists at the expense of the French clavecinists later on. The following passage in a French history is surprising enough to deserve quotation in an English periodical:

Ce qui frappe d'abord, c'est la spontanéité de cette musique de clavecin et le sens exceptionnel du développement que possèdent les meilleurs maîtres de ce temps [i.e. the English masters of round about 1600]. Les Français, après avoir fait un effort pour ciseler une phrase mélodique, s'estiment satisfaits de l'avoir mise en circulation. Ils la répètent, l'ornent un peu et laissent leurs pièces mourir de langueur. Rien de tel chez les Anglais, qui s'amuse à trouver à leur thème des développements inattendus. A mesure qu'on avance, l'intérêt croît. Il faut joindre à cela un goût presque forcé pour le mouvement, qui donne aux pièces une animation extraordinaire.

This may at the same time serve as a sample of M. Prunières's admirably lucid and simple style of writing. He is never obscure, never clever for the sake of cleverness, never too highly technical, and though he rarely coins a particularly striking phrase, he can say a thing that gets at the heart of the truth with a few well-chosen words. "Gluck pouvait enfin parler 'le langage du cœur' et non plus celui de la galanterie". Could Gluck's nature and ideal have been better described in one short sentence?

There is a refreshing absence of that too familiar tone of supercilious assumption of a monopoly in good taste that makes the lesser French criticism appear to degenerate into mere æsthetic dabbling. M. Prunières indeed, is much too solid a scholar to permit himself such easy impertinences, and only two or three times at the most is there as much as an approach towards some conventional, ready-made opinion. Destouches is discussed, and it appears that he is a rather daring harmonist who cares nothing about that reticence which, in spite of Napoleon and Poussin and Hugo and Berlioz, is deemed to be essentially French. "Malgré ces hardiesses instinctives", M. Prunières remarks, "Destouches reste très français", and one is left to wonder how. Also, he is rather amusingly reluctant to repeat the story of the defeat of Marchand by Bach at Dresden, amusingly because it had evidently been trembling at the tip of his pen. However, although he clearly thinks a good deal of Marchand as an organ composer, he thinks very much more of Bach, on whom he writes with a fervour that yields nothing to any German critic, nor for that matter to so great a French Bach scholar as André Pirro. But what is really surprising is his unbounded enthusiasm for Handel. His admiration for that master, who is as a rule disliked if not despised in France, goes so far that he even apologizes for one of his plagiarisms with an attempt at explanation that will neither do for this particular instance nor account for all the others, but might have served very well to exonerate Purcell from his single offence of that kind (an appropriation from Lully for 'The Tempest'), which M. Prunières is disinclined to overlook. At the end of the chapter on England, by the way, M. Prunières complains that always the same Handel oratorios are

given, "in a frozen style that perverts their meaning". *Partout comme chez nous*, it seems.

A few points of interest, chosen from many :

M. Prunières ingeniously shows by his discussion of the earliest essays in opera (p. 11) how amateurs often succeed in bringing about innovations where technicians fail ; but also (p. 28) how unbearably pedantic innovators often are. He refrains later from pointing out by the example of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach how dull creators of new ventures in music can be ; but he will have his opportunities for that in his last volume, no doubt. The stress laid on the influence of the Italian cantata on opera (p. 37) makes for an unfamiliar approach to the study of a complex subject, and about such things as the Venetian opera (which, properly speaking, never existed as a school, says M. Prunières) or the French ballet before Lully the reader is told much that will be new to him and that shows evidence of careful and independent research.

At times one hesitates to follow M. Prunières in his conclusions without further evidence. He will have it that Rome, with such minor composers as Marazzoli and Melani, was the cradle of the *opera buffa* rather than Naples. But the example quoted from the latter's music shows a madrigalesque style that is anything but a departure towards genuine, live comic opera. Also, it is surely beside the mark to say that Metastasio's stiffly classical librettos, which were set over and over again in the most formal manner by countless composers, effected a revolution (p. 73), except, of course, by the reaction he stirred up in Calzabigi and Gluck.

In Byrd M. Prunières seems to overlook the harmonic downrightness that is surely more striking than "simplicity", "purity" or "tender fervour" (p. 213) ; but his admiration of this master is none the less gratifying, and music "profondément imprégnée de rêve" means much to him as a thing he very rarely finds even in the greatest artists.

As for the quotation of a passage in Monsigny's 'Déserteur', it may seem far-fetched to say that it foreshadows the manner of Bizet in 'Carmen' (p. 191) ; but it is nevertheless useful to have the provenance of 'Carmen' from eighteenth-century comic opera demonstrated once and for all, for it is nothing less than the truth, although it has never ceased to puzzle foreigners in Paris as well as French people who have not studied the history of their opera and who are always at a loss to explain to their bewildered visitors why a work that ends so tragically should be performed at the Opéra-Comique.

The volume is admirably printed on beautiful paper, the music blocks are neat and clear, the illustrations handsome and often unfamiliar, and the spelling of foreign names and words is very nearly faultless. It used to be almost a point of honour with French composers to be careless about the setting of barbarous foreign languages, and with authors to refrain from correcting these patriotic misprints ; but one is glad to see that M. Prunières and his publisher do not hold with such frivolities.

E. B.

*Geschichte des englischen Diskants und des Fauxbourdons nach theoretischen Quellen.* By Manfred Bukofzer. pp. 163. 20. (Heitz, Strasburg, 1936)

This book is a reasoned and systematic account of a subject which has often been the victim of confusion and unwise speculation. Many a

student must have been fascinated by the euphony of fauxbourdon after struggling through the prickly hedges of organum, only to be puzzled by the diverse accounts given of its origin and character. The essential element is the use of parallel thirds and sixths, and since this type of harmonization is found on both sides of the Channel it has sometimes been supposed that the English invented fauxbourdon and then transmitted it to the Continent. Dr. Bukofzer argues against this view. He finds an important difference between Continental fauxbourdon and English practice in the position of the *cantus firmus* and in the consequent treatment of the individual parts. In the English practice the *cantus firmus* is the lowest part, in the Continental fauxbourdon it is in the treble. Since in the English practice the added parts are improvisations above the *cantus firmus*, the *cantus firmus* itself must remain without any considerable elaboration; whereas in fauxbourdon the melody, being in the upper part, can be treated freely, and the other parts follow it like dutiful subordinates.

English practice here receives the title "English descant" and is treated separately, its relation to fauxbourdon being reserved for the final chapter. Since the term "fauxbourdon" is not found before the early part of the fifteenth century, the form itself is attributed to a combination of the harmonious successions found in English descant and the Continental art of ornamenting the upper part. Thus, though fauxbourdon itself is a Continental invention, it owes much to the influence of English practice; and no doubt this made it easier for it to be imported later to England. The origin of the practice of singing in thirds and sixths is obscure. Specious theories have been put forward in the past, and the convenient ambiguity of Giraldus Cambrensis has become a weapon in the hands of more than one theorist, but without any absolute certainty. Dr. Bukofzer is sceptical of the supposition of an "Urmehr-stimmigkeit in Terzen", and lays stress on the parallel fifths found in the popular "Twiesöngvar" of Iceland.

The relation of this view of fauxbourdon and English descant to the actual examples of medieval polyphony of this period is only sketched in this volume. The hint is thrown out that it will be dealt with later in a separate work; this will be awaited with interest, since musical history is after all concerned primarily with music and only secondarily with theory. In the meantime the present study of the theoretical sources should do much to help towards a better understanding of a rather complicated subject. Relevant treatises or parts of treatises which have either not been published before or have appeared only in a fragmentary or corrupt form are included in an appendix, and there are several emendations of Coussemaker's text of Guilielmus Monachus. The book is thus some contribution to the new corpus of theoretical writing which will one day have to be undertaken. English readers will find particular interest in the dialect of the Scottish "Anonymus" (Brit. Mus., Add. 4911) with his breezy catechism "Quhat is Faburdoun?" and frequent references to the "plane sang."

J. A. W.

*Adam von Fulda als Vertreter der ersten deutschen Komponistengeneration.* By Wilhelm Ehmman. pp. 200. 24. (Junker & Dünnhaupt, Berlin, 1936)

Adam of Fulda, born about the middle of the fifteenth century, is barely referred to by the authorities on medieval music. Dr. Ehmman

gives us the reason : his music is less interesting than that of his German contemporaries, Heinrich Finck, Alexander Agricola and Thomas Stoltzer ; and while their renown spread beyond Germany to Hungary, Burgundy and Italy, Adam received little notice beyond the town of Torgau. Yet Dr. Ehmann sees him as the pioneer of the group. With him "German music finds itself". It is difficult to see from the complicated theorizing here what is so unmistakably German about him, and I notice that Ambros, in his 'Geschichte der Musik', states that Adam's best work shows a marked influence of the Netherland masters. However, in a treatise he wrote in 1490 there are some passages which show a characteristically German conception, e.g. "Denn die Musik ist auch Philosophie, aber wahre Philosophie : das unaufhörliche Nachsinnen über den Tod". We are not convinced that he was able to carry this ideal into his own music. Dr. Ehmann contrasts Adam with later composers, such as Heinrich Isaac and Ludwig Senfl, who he says were affected by the "musical sensualism" of the Flemish and Italian *ars perfecta*. If Ambros is right, the contrast has little significance. The study is well documented and contains a list of Adam's works, considerably longer than that in Eitner's 'Quellen-Lexikon'.

E. L.

*Heinrich Schütz : sein Leben und Werk.* By Hans Joachim Moser. pp. 648. (Bärenreiter-Verlag, Cassel, 1936.)

There is a fairly comprehensive specialist literature on the greatest German composer of the seventeenth century, and indeed the first great German composer ; but no standard work on his life and his music, comparable with that of Spitta on Bach, for example, or with Abert's revised version of Jahn on Mozart, has so far existed. Such a book, however, has now been produced by Dr. Moser and the Bärenreiter-Verlag—and the latter deserves special mention for an exceptionally fine publication, profusely and beautifully illustrated as well as handsomely printed and bound. The non-German reader may regret the use of a particularly bizarre and trying Gothic type, but must resign himself to accepting this as a manifestation of the Third Realm's ostentatious Teutonism, which here goes to the length of giving even Latin and Italian quotations in German characters.

The biography, which occupies about a third of Dr. Moser's large volume, is most elaborately detailed and documented. If any fact that is closely or remotely relevant to Schütz has escaped the author's eye, it would hardly be worth knowing. On the other hand, we should have liked to know him rather better as a personality than Dr. Moser will allow us. The monumental portrait is impressive rather than expressive : it is that of an elaborate baroque memorial tablet on which a rather stiff and conventional likeness appears above an array of plain facts and conventional eulogies, and we are not made more keenly aware that the subject of the effigy was a worthy man than that he is dead and beyond our intimate acquaintance.

We are asked as a matter of course to accept Schütz as a fine character through and through. For is he not a great man ? Dr. Moser is in this respect a musical biographer of the nineteenth-century school. Like Chrysander, Jahn, Glaserapp, Kalbeck and the rest he makes the man he discusses his hero in the fullest sense of the term. From Schütz's

student-days at Marburg, where "doubtless he was no light-blooded *Bruder Studio*" (Dr. Moser does not really know, but conjecture is enough for him) to the last years at Dresden, where the honest German master is shown as the victim of the treacherous Italians, there is scarcely a hint that there were any but admirable traits in his character, and consequently that he was much of a character at all. There is, of course, no reason to doubt for a moment that Schütz was a fine personality; but it is too much for an author to hope to represent his hero as a perfect paragon and yet to make him come to life as a human figure. There would have been no harm, for instance, in Dr. Moser's supporting our suspicions that Schütz must have been as exasperating to his subordinates at the Saxon Court as they were to him when, in those final years, he was frequently absent for long periods and let others do all the work, yet insisted on keeping sole control. But what cannot fail to transpire from the documents Dr. Moser is conscientious enough to quote is as assiduously slurred over by comments wholly favourable to Schütz's view of the case.

Not that all this matters very much, except that a rather more modern and open-minded biographical treatment would have been welcomed at this time of day. That Dr. Moser has learnt from the German musical biographers of the past not only their hero-worship but also their thoroughness is, needless to say, only to be applauded. True, he makes us wade through an enormous tome; but as completeness was his object and one or two excellent shorter studies of Schütz already exist (notably the French work by André Pirro), that is no cause for complaint, for the book as a whole is absorbingly interesting. Historically it is well framed and the life is admirably flanked by two chapters on the "German world" as it looked at Schütz's birth and death respectively. Rather remarkably, even the patriotic Dr. Moser is compelled to say that Schütz was born in the age of Cervantes and Shakespeare, and that he died in the age of Corneille and Racine. Indeed, if literature is the historical standard art, that "German world" of the seventeenth century looked sorry enough with the didactic, heavy-handed and linguistically unripe poetry of Opitz, Fleming, Gerhardt, Simon Dach and others of even smaller distinction.

The Thirty Years' War, Germany's scourge in that century, not only devastated and impoverished the country, but its literature as well, together with much else that would normally have continued the fine northern Renaissance culture. But if German poetry was not to ripen until the coming of Goethe, and if a German Milton is unthinkable, German music really only began to flourish independently in the age of Schütz, and the more splendidly for the barrenness of the soil on which it was left to grow. If Dr. Scholes has been able to show that music in England was not wholly suppressed by Puritanism, Dr. Moser can demonstrate far more convincingly that in Germany it thrived healthily in spite of the Thirty Years' War and all its consequences, which he describes most vividly. And the fact remains that England had no great composer comparable to Schütz between Byrd and Purcell, with whose lives the beginning and end of his own very long career overlapped (1585-1672).

The four hundred pages on Schütz's music are so impressive as to become at times even a little oppressive. That is not Dr. Moser's fault, but the fault of the un leisured age in which he lives. His book, whether

anybody but a specialist has time to read it page by page, is there for good and all, a splendid work of reference which every musical library and all serious students of music must have on their shelves. What is more, it will often be taken down from those shelves, for it contains a vast array of fascinating information. Like the biographical section, the analytical and critical one is again framed by two chapters, this time on "the musico-historical position" at Schütz's birth and death respectively. No doubt these pictures are incomplete, or rather too one-sidedly complete, for while great foreign names are often missing, the most insignificant German musicians appear (*e.g.* "Mich. Tonsor in Dinkelsbühl").

In his discussions of the music itself, however, the author very fairly reminds himself again and again to take into account the foreign influences that helped to shape Schütz as an artist. He has much that is interesting to say about the two sojourns in Venice, during which Schütz was much impressed, first by Giovanni Gabrieli and afterwards by Monteverdi. Where Italian madrigalesque or operatic traits turn up in Schütz's church music, they are pointed out without reserve. But how interesting it would have been to hunt them down in 'Dafne', the only opera Schütz wrote, which was also the first German opera. Unhappily this perished in the fire at Dresden in 1760, with other music by Schütz, some of whose work was also lost in the fire of Copenhagen in 1794. The libretto by Opitz is however preserved, and Dr. Moser shows it to be an adaptation, indeed largely a translation, of the 'Dafne' of Ottavio Rinuccini, set to music by Peri and Caccini, and a work dramatically inferior to its Italian model. In fact 'Dafne' was hardly an opera at all, but a kind of stage cantata, not unlike in form, one fancies, Handel's 'Acis and Galatea', as it was first produced.

Schütz anticipated many other composers. Two hundred and thirty years before Brahms, in 1636, he produced the so-called 'Musikalische Exequien', Op. 7, funeral music on passages from the Bible in the vernacular—a German Requiem, in fact. And of course he forestalled Bach in the three Passions (not four, the St. Mark's Passion, like the St. Luke's attributed to Bach, being spurious). Dr. Moser's brief and masterly recapitulation of the history of Passion music reminds us that Schütz was not an originator there, any more than elsewhere; but his Passions alone are capable of being kept alive next to those of Bach, whom he resembled in that gift of exploiting and deepening rather than initiating which distinguishes the great master from the talented innovator.

A great master Schütz certainly was, as this book usefully reminds us and will convincingly tell those who did not know it before. In spite of a more than common early susceptibility to foreign influence and an unusually slow process of maturing, he was one of those supreme creative musicians who, once sure of their aims, remain aloof from the tendencies of fashion and from considerations of practical expediency. Although instrumental music was much cultivated by influential people in the seventeenth century, the whole of his preserved output is vocal; he looked upon the newfangled thorough-bass with suspicion and used it but sparingly, when it happened to suit him; although attached to a Protestant court (the Saxon electoral house did not revert to Catholicism until it aspired to the throne of Poland), he left the reformed church no heritage comparable to that of Bach and, as Alfred Einstein has pointed

out ('Heinrich Schütz', Bärenreiter-Verlag, 1928), not a single tune that has come into usage as a Protestant hymn; and, German as he was, he gladly accepted from Italy whatever it could offer him in the way of suggestion.

The author has an admirable gift of describing music unknown to the reader by a quick phrase that seems almost to make it audible, and he must at the same time be commended for presenting facts soberly. He rarely indulges in philosophical fancies of his own, and only one seems far-fetched enough to be submitted to the reader's consideration. Choosing the favourite three-period notion, Dr. Moser compares the development of Schütz to that of Goethe, thus:—

	Schütz :	Goethe
Early Period :	Individualistic artistry.	Storm and stress.
Middle Period :	Attachment to the church.	Recollection in classicism.
Late Period :	Second monologic solitude.	Second fantastic Gothicism.

Immediately after telling us that these two cases are probably unique, he goes on to say that this is perhaps the fundamental progress of the German artist in general, provided that, like these two giants, he lives into his ninth decade. But why the German artist? Is it not easy to fit Shakespeare into some such scheme? Why the ninth decade? Does it not suit Beethoven perfectly, if we change the terminology a little, as Dr. Moser does more than a little between Schütz and Goethe? And why giants? Can it not be applied quite as well to minor as well as non-German artists, such as Liszt, for example.

No matter: this is a detail. One must close this review with a sincere appreciation of the extremely fine and valuable work Dr. Moser's industry and learning have conspired in producing.

E. B.

*Die Originalausgaben der Werke Johann Sebastian Bachs.* By Georg Kinsky. pp. 134. (Reichner, Vienna. 1937)

The number of works by J. S. Bach published under his supervision is small. In this scholarly treatise Dr. Kinsky is able to point to only seven in all. First in order of date comes Brückner's issue of the *Ratwechsel* Cantata (Mühlhausen, 1709), after which seventeen years were to elapse before the composer himself issued, in 1726, four volumes of the clavichord works. The interest of these issues centres in the fact that Bach engraved the first plates with his own hand. Dr. Kinsky is able to dismiss as impossible Hilgenfeldt's supposition that Bach's sons helped him in this labour and is further able to define the remainder of the engraving as the handiwork of Balthasar Schmid and an assistant of his. The early pages, one of which is reproduced in the present volume, are beautiful, instinct with the personality of the man and a touching evidence of that strenuous, dedicated life. The six "Schübler" organ chorales, published by the man whose name is still connected with them, appeared next, and thereafter Bach, once more his own publisher, issued in 1747 the 'Musikalisches Opfer'. Dr. Kinsky reproduces the 'Canon triplex á 6 voc.', which is one of the rarest incunabula among contemporary Bach issues, being only known in this single example which Dr. Kinsky had the good fortune to discover by one of those chances that come to the curious and painstaking researcher. The canon exists in a copy of the issue of the variations for organ on 'Vom Himmel hoch' which Bach

appears to have written in connection with his election to membership of a "Sozietät der musikalischen Wissenschaften", and evidently it was issued only with those copies that went to actual members of the society in question. Finally there is the work on the publication of which Bach was occupied at the time of his death, the 'Kunst der Fuge'. This was issued after he died, he having dictated it during his blindness to his son-in-law Altnikol. The further adventures of this edition are striking evidence of the practically complete desuetude into which Bach's music fell after his death. Dr. Kinsky's work in this fully documented and admirably produced volume deserves unstinted praise.

S. G.

*Pietro Nardini, seine Werke und sein Leben: ein Beitrag zur Erforschung vorklassischer Instrumentalmusik.* By Clara Pfäfflin. pp. 96, with thematic catalogue, pp. xx. (Kallmeyer, Wolfenbüttel, 1936)

Nardini, the most famous of Tartini's pupils, appeared to have been completely forgotten until brought to public notice again by Kreisler's adventures with the old masters. It was natural, perhaps, that as a performer he should have left behind him nothing more than an enviable name. But Nardini was also a composer of some distinction who deserved a more detailed memorial than a newspaper or dictionary article. Grove's bibliography can tell us of nothing but two slight studies relating to Nardini—an 'Elogio' and a general essay on musical taste.

The scarcity of reliable information gives to Dr. Clara Pfäfflin's little volume very special importance. Here, well tested and in good order, are presented all the relevant facts of Nardini's life and career, together with a critical examination of his works. Not a word is wasted; every sentence is to the point.

F. B.

*Beethoven und die Dichtung: mit einer Einleitung zur Geschichte und Aesthetik der Beethovendeutung.* By Arnold Schering. pp. 620. (Junker & Dünnhaupt, Berlin, 1936.)

The new German Beethoven literature—like other things German—moves between extremes. On the one hand there are the mystical extravagances of smatterers, who find their victims in Beethoven's late works in particular and look at him, roughly speaking, from the point of view of Anton Bruckner. On the other hand there is a frightful Beethoven philology that occupies itself almost exclusively with snippets and refuse without yielding in the least to the notorious Goethe philology in pettiness and vapidty. Again, on the one side we see a formalistic tendency which, as in Heinrich Schenker's case, sees nothing more in the ninth Symphony, for instance, than an object for the demonstration of purely "musical" logic, or which concerns itself, as Fritz Cassirer does, with nothing more than the task of proving that the origin of a work by Beethoven may be derived from a single thematic germ-cell. And, to return to the other side, here is this new book by Arnold Schering, which asserts that all Beethoven's works (and, alas! not only Beethoven's) are "engendered by poetry" and, to put it briefly, follow a secret, "esoteric" poetical programme. The author's notion is that, obscure as they are and in need of elucidation, they can be unlocked (*entschlüsselt*) only with the aid of that secret programme.

*Entschlüsseln*—that is the professional catchword.<sup>1</sup> Beethoven's works, then, are locked rooms with secret doors, so to speak, doors the key to which Beethoven has thrown away. That key is supplied by Dr. Schering—a different one for each room. Thanks to the present book, another published previously ('Beethoven in neuer Deutung') and a series of essays by Schering, these dark rooms of no less than thirty-eight works are now unlocked and lighted up.

It would be unjust to Schering if he were accused of regarding Beethoven's complete output as programme music. If he did, Beethoven would have been a bad programme musician, inferior not only to Berlioz, Liszt and Strauss in the matter of fidelity to his subjects, but even to many infinitely smaller composers. No, according to Schering Beethoven's is simply a "music born of poetry," as far removed from programme music proper as from the kind of tone-painting that was current in his day, and of which he himself has left us a sorry specimen in 'The Battle of Vittoria.' Still according to Schering, Beethoven is supposed to have first of all disposed of the poem that inspired him "in the spirit of its essential content"; after that "he continued his work as a musician who writes independent poetry (!), needless to say without losing sight of the poem or admitting new trains of thought foreign to it" (p. 146). Beethoven merely creates, once again according to Schering, in *relation* to his poetic subject; "to re-imagine it from the music and to let it come to life within oneself is a task of never-failing fascination, which however always presupposes one thing: the ability to dematerialize the contents of poetry in such a way that they float above the notes like a tender mist and make them indeed appear as the only thing they can and should be—*symbols*, tone-pictures of the poetic meaning. This ability must be so developed that the *recognition* of this symbolism no longer hinders the fullest simultaneous comprehension of the emotional significance that fills the poem" (p. 348).

So much may be accepted. There is no doubt that Beethoven was not an exponent of the pure "form animated by sound" of Hanslick, and nobody need be restrained from attributing a definite poetic inspiration to any of his works and to explore the relationships that are thus seen to arise. Many people have done this before, and Dr. Schering too does it in abundant measure. But unfortunately he appears to be of the opinion that Beethoven had an extremely unimaginative mind and always depended on a poetic subject that was *not his own*, in spite of the fact that Carl Czerny, one of Schering's historical witnesses, should have made it obvious to him (p. 569) that Beethoven not only took fire for "many of his finest works" from the reading of other people's poetry, but also "from visions and pictures conjured up by his own lively imagination." How if Beethoven had often so indulged himself? Unfortunately he would have thrown away the keys to locked rooms of this kind as well.

This has been more or less the general opinion so far, and many hearers, good and bad—the bad ones more readily than the good ones—have tried to move those secret doors. But be that as it may, Schering will not admit Beethoven's liberty to use his own imagination. And so

<sup>1</sup> It does not even mean what it is intended to convey, but rather the opposite; literally it is not "unlock" but "unkey" or "take away the key."—Ed.

the 'Eroica'—I cite examples from the present volume alone—becomes a Homer symphony, based on scenes from the Iliad, while the Waldstein Sonata describes the return of Ulysses (yes indeed, *describes* it, for we are not merely told that it is *inspired* by the Odyssey); the string Quartets, Op. 59 are, successively, scenes from Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' from Jean Paul's 'Flegeljahre' and from Cervantes's 'Don Quixote'; the first movement of the Kreutzer Sonata describes (yes, once more *describes*) the combat between Tancred and Clorinda from Tasso's 'Gerusalemme liberata'; the string Quartets Op. 132 and 135, together with the 'Grosse Fuge,' are concerned with Goethe's 'Faust'; the ninth Symphony is founded on four poems by Schiller.

Let it not be thought that Dr. Schering presents these interpretations as hypotheses. He declares them to be binding and definitive. He does not by any means tell us that he *considers* this or that composition to have been suggested by this or that literary work; no, he says (p. 240) that the string Quartet Op. 59 No. 1 "is written on scenes from Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre'"; (p. 291) "a closer inspection shows that in Op. 59 No. 2 scenes from Cervantes's novel of 'Don Quixote' have found their musical equivalent"; (p. 281) the adagio of the fourth Symphony "is composed on Schiller's poem, 'Sehnsucht'"; (p. 521) "the Sonata Op. 110 is written on two scenes from Schiller's tragedy of 'Maria Stuart.'" Moreover, he declares that his "unlocking" is absolutely authentic in regard to performance as well. And how did he come to assume this apodictic attitude? Well, through intuition, through "processes of thought" the "magical appearance" of which he himself found "in a manner of speaking" terrifying at first—a terror which, however, he managed to get over soon enough (p. 584).

With that one might conclude. This book stands in the same relation to true musical research as modern astrology stands to physical astronomy, and I do not think that the printed conclusions of astrological endeavours are reviewed in astronomical journals. But after all Dr. Schering has, by way of an afterthought, "a desire for historical retrospect and serious documentation," and he has a past of honourable scholarship.

The historical supports of his affirmation may be passed over without more ado. They are as scanty as they are ambiguous and questionable. The chief witness is Schindler, to whom Beethoven once said, when he asked for the key to the Sonatas Op. 57 and Op. 31 No. 2: "Read Shakespeare's 'Tempest.'" Both are 'Tempest' Sonatas, then? That alone proves that Beethoven simply snubbed Schindler, and so Schering did not hesitate to make a 'Macbeth'-Sonata of the "Appassionata". But why a 'Macbeth'-Sonata? Why 'Faust'-Quartets? Why an 'Oberon'-Trio (Op. 97)? Let us examine Schering's methods a little more closely.

The ninth Symphony will do. According to Schering it is based on four poems by Schiller: 'Gruppe aus dem Tartarus' (first movement), 'Der Tanz' (scherzo), 'Das Glück' (*adagio molto e cantabile*) and 'An die Freude'—this last no doubt unquestionably. But now what is for Schiller the essence of 'Gruppe aus dem Tartarus'? *Eternal* despair, *eternal* hopelessness:

Ewigkeit schwingt über ihnen Kreise,  
Bricht die Sänse des Saturn entzwei.

How does Schering reconcile this with the *dolce* of the horn solo? "If the horn now sounds it once more and unequivocally in the major, as

though dreamingly and from afar, Beethoven must have been guided by the idea of letting a last ray of hope shine through, even here, in the midst of horror" (p. 147). Only two things are possible: either Beethoven did not understand Schiller's poem (but of course he did understand it), or else he never had it in mind. In short, he never composed to it.

But let us go on. Schiller's 'Der Tanz' wholly contradicts by everything it contains the minor key of the second movement, and the same kind of objection holds good even more convincingly, if possible, in the case of Schiller's 'Das Glück' and Beethoven's slow movement. The poem culminates in these words:

Alles Höchste, es kommt frei von den Göttern herab,

and all Schiller's distichs are variants of but one single idea. What are the verses Schering sets under the fanfares which interrupt the blissful mood of the adagio so warningly and threateningly? "Not only Amor, however, but mighty gods like Poseidon keep watch over the elect. Hugely does his watchman's figure (!) stretch itself upward, and it is as though a loud voice called:

Before him doth Poseidon smooth out the sea!

(the second time: "At his feet doth the lion lie down" !)

Similar absurdities may be found by the dozen. The first movement of the Trio Op. 97 is supposed to "symbolize" the scene in which Hüon and Rezia are condemned to death by fire ('Oberon,' canto 12: "Hüon and Amanda as a loving pair on the pyre: triumph of faithful love, fire magic and rescue"). But then Beethoven must have completely misunderstood Wieland's *humour* in this scene! I suggest to Dr. Schering the similar scene in Tasso ('Gerusalemme liberata,' canto 2), where Olindo and Sofronia are to be burnt. It fits very much better! And he will find it quite easy to discover in Tasso suitable scenes for the other movements. Or if not in Tasso, then in Shakespeare. For he is very resourceful elsewhere. If, as in Op. 135, Goethe will not serve for one of the movements (the *vivace*) he simply harnesses Shakespeare to Goethe.

To be serious again, however, what does this 'Beethoven und die Dichtung' mean? It means the destruction of every single work of Beethoven's as a spiritual and musical whole. The place of musical unity is taken by novelistic diversity, the ninth Symphony becomes a suite, Beethoven, at best, changes into a Berlioz. The seventh Symphony is turned into a novel—scenes from 'Wilhelm Meister'—thus:

1st movement: *Poco sostenuto*: Solemn entry of the dressed-up children into the festive hall filled by the company of actors. *Vivace*: Mignon's wild dance with triangle and tambourine which follows (book V, chapter 12).

2nd movement: *Allegretto*: Mignon's exequies (Requiem for Mignon in anti-phonal song between "chorus" and "boys," book VIII, chapter 8).

3rd movement: *Presto*: Philine quotes "Der Schäfer putzte sich zum Tanz" from 'Faust' (book II, chapter 2). Beethoven gives respectively a description of the pleasurable dance under the linden tree and (in the trio) of the atmosphere of pilgrimage during Faust's Easter outing.

4th movement: *Allegro con brio*: Playful and wanton feasting among the actors assembled round the punch-bowl in Wilhelm's room (book II, chapter 10).

By the way, Dr. Schering regards it as a principle on Beethoven's part to keep strictly to the sequence of the scenes in his literary subject; but here is a glaring instance of how little he holds to his own assertions, if it does not happen to suit him.

If Dr. Schering was praised above for letting Beethoven remain in a purely symbolic relationship to his poetical subject, it must now be added that this is done only in order to leave himself a back door through which he may get away with his aesthetic notion. For his real meaning is not that Beethoven dealt freely with poetical suggestions in his capacity of musician, but that he followed a crude, naturalistic programme, not of musical, but of literary significance.

An example: the A major Sonata, Op. 101. It represents Bürger's 'Lenore'—an altogether non-spectral 'Lenore.' Or another: the Waldstein Sonata. It is the return of Ulysses, a continuous *scena*, rather like Clementi's 'Didone abbandonata,' and indeed a programme sonata of that kind. Not until afterwards did Schering notice that, according to Ries, the 'Andante favori' in F major had originally stood in the place of the present middle movement. Now what did he do? He first of all cast doubt on this well-known piece of information; he questioned whether the movement could have been in rondo form from the beginning; and he concluded thus: "We can no longer imagine it in the sonata in that form to-day." But is it not possible, too, that Beethoven never thought of an 'Odyssey'-Sonata?

There are still more crudely realistic interpretations, as when, in the Kreutzer Sonata, Clorinda is represented by the violin ("She is on foot, therefore her theme is heard unaccompanied"! ) and Tancred by the pianoforte. The cadenza at the opening of the *presto* symbolizes the incident of his dismounting from the horse. . . . Well, that is like the 'Don Quixote' of Strauss, not like Beethoven. Other works content themselves with character-drawing: in the string Quartet Op. 59 No. 2 the first movement is Jean Paul's Vult, the second his Walt. Well, that is like Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony, not like Beethoven. The C minor string Quartet Op. 18 No. 4 shows Medea in four different situations. Well, that is like Berlioz's 'Harold,' not like Beethoven.

Enough. Schering follows the view of one of his critics, according to whom those who refuse to accept his theories are bound to discover another interpretation at least equal, if not superior, to his own. But it is not possible to imagine anything inferior to that, for instance, of Beethoven's rivalry with Joachim Raff with 'Lenore' or the comparison of Schiller's sorry theatricality with Op. 110. The point is, though, that even if, as in other cases, the poetry and the music are on something like the same level, Beethoven never *wished* to restrict his hearers; his desire was rather that he should be understood directly. And happily he remains, even *after* Schering, exactly as lucid or as obscure as he ever was before.

The tragedy of this book is not unattended by a comic interlude. An anonymous reader—for Germany has for the last few years been the land of anonymous letters and especially of anonymous denunciation—drew Schering's attention to the incontrovertible fact that Beethoven wrote the 'Sonate pathétique' in 1797, whereas Schiller's ballad of 'Hero and Leander,' to which Schering says it was composed, did not appear till a few years later. Does this cause Dr. Schering to say: "I have made a mistake"? (It would of course be too much to ask him to confess that his whole interpretation is sad and dangerous nonsense.) Nothing of the sort. He says: "As I recognize now, Beethoven did not work upon Schiller, but upon *Musaeus*—the same source which Schiller also used . . . the Sonata is and remains, even without *Schiller*, a

Hero-and-Leander-Sonata" ('Archiv für Musikwissenschaft,' I, 3, p. 366). In the next edition of his book he will simply "connect the musical references with the version of Musaeus instead of that of Schiller".

Let us hope that the work will never reach this second edition.

A. E.

*César Franck als Orgelkomponist.* By Herbert Haag. pp. 71. (Bärenreiter-Verlag, Cassel, 1936)

Franck's instrument was above all the organ, and Dr. Haag shows, as other writers have shown, that even in his piano and orchestral works the organ was generally at the back of Franck's mind. The analyses of the organ works are thorough, but for English readers they add little to the studies of Dr. Harvey Grace ('French Organ Music, Past and Present', 1919, and articles in the 'Musical Times', February-April 1923). On some other matters the book is more valuable. An interesting comparison is made between the organ works of Mendelssohn and Liszt and those of Franck, the former held to be unmistakably devotional in character, the latter, in spite of their religious associations, making a wider, romantic appeal. Some little-known information is given about Benoist, Franck's organ master at the Conservatoire, whose other pupils were in the habit of introducing waltzes and tarantellas into their sacred music, according to the frivolous fashion of the day. Franck would have none of this, and his succession to Benoist's post in 1872 opened a renaissance in French organ music. A survey of Franck's predecessors and contemporaries shows how important this renaissance was, but it is surprising that there is no mention of Louis Niedermeyer and his famous pupil, Gabriel Fauré, both of them remarkable organists, nor of Jules de Brayer, the organist at Chartres Cathedral, whom many of Franck's pupils considered "an apostle".

E. L.

*Fünfundzwanzig Busoni-Briefe*, eingeleitet und herausgegeben von Gisella Selden-Goth. pp. 77. (Reichner, Vienna, 1937)

The first of these letters to a "true, intelligent, talented" journalist dates from 1909, the second from 1918, the other twenty-three were written between May 1920 and December 1922 and are the more valuable because it is precisely during that period that Busoni's letters to his wife are least comprehensive. Busoni regarded tradition as young women regarded that gentleman in Henry James's 'Crazy Cornelia', who, upon making offers of his honourable hand, was met by the frank confession that "he didn't, charming as he was, cause himself to be superstitiously believed in"; and though in these recently published letters there are, perhaps, few arguments as deep and sustained as many in the bigger collection, the standard does not relax as it could there and one is made more conscious than ever before of the incessant activity of Busoni's mind, of that extraordinary blend of penetration, independence and passionate experience in his judgments that challenges all who read him, whether they agree or not.

We find him absorbed at this time in 'Doctor Faust' and intensely depressed at the changes that had come over the world of music since the war. "To-day people judge music not by quality but by direction." If he has preserved his own sanity, he feels himself in a madhouse; for

years he has held himself on the defensive, and that has exhausted energy which in a normal situation could have been turned to more fruitful ends. "A dozen people seem to be conscious also of something of this sort; they are too few to counterbalance the damage".

He turns more and more to music in which only the vital, essential things are there. "Economy is the creative artist's highest endeavour and final accomplishment." Whoever reaches so far writes such music as the overture to the 'Zauberflöte', the Benedictus of the 'Missa Solemnis', the 'Freimaurerische Trauermusik', the last act of 'Carmen', the "vision" in Florestan's aria. Busoni is never tired of dwelling on this subject. He also defends the libretto of the 'Zauberflöte' against some remarks made by Frau Selden-Goth. (Earlier, though, he had written himself of 'Aladdin' that it might as a profoundly symbolical work become something like the 'Zauberflöte', "but with a better meaning, better words, and a subject that no one can despise".)

There could be no severer test of economy than that of giving in a few hundred words an adequate idea of this little volume in which every other sentence—as Busoni himself remarks of a quotation from Eckermann's Conversations—suggests, almost automatically, a complete essay. It was Jakob Wassermann whose first words on hearing of Busoni's death were: "Welcher Schmerz, dass ich diese Briefe nie mehr erhalten soll!"

W. G.

*Bruno Walter.* By Paul Stefan. pp. 76. (Reichner, Vienna, 1936)

Following the success of his book on Toscanini, Paul Stefan has written a eulogy of the conductor whom many consider to be the greatest exponent of German romantic music. Some verse by Lotte Lehmann sets the tone, and she is followed by Thomas Mann and Stefan Zweig, each with an introductory chapter. The tone is rather exalted, sometimes gushing, never very critical, but thoroughly genuine, one feels, in its wholeheartedness. Stefan gives some external facts of Walter's career. For the Viennese, he is first of all the disciple and exponent of Mahler, and there are some interesting pages on their early friendship. We have, too, some details of Walter's championship of Pfitzner, though a much more complete picture of this relationship is to be obtained from Walter Abendroth's 'Hans Pfitzner' (Munich, 1935). Here Stefan is placed in a dilemma. For Austrian and German readers there is no mention of the fact that Pfitzner, the keenest nationalist of living German composers, had as his first and greatest champion a Jew. In fact we are told nothing of Walter's unacceptable heredity, and there is only a hint at the unfortunate incidents in his recent career. "He seemed from the first", says Stefan with his tongue in his cheek, "what he later became—an Austrian." This eulogistic biography would be a masterpiece of discretion were it not, by its very discretion, cringing and, I should say, offensive to Walter's pride.

E. L.

*Othmar Schoeck: eine Monographie.* By Hans Corrodi. New and enlarged Edition. pp. 335. (Huber, Frauenfeld & Leipzig, 1936)

That a second edition of Herr Corrodi's analytical biography of the Swiss composer Othmar Schoeck should be called for shows that this prophet is not without honour. The first edition (reviewed in 'Music and

Letters', Vol. XII, No. 4, October 1931) brought the tale as far as the composition (1929) of the ten songs to words by Hermann Hesse. Since then, as the present volume bears witness, Schoeck has increased his output by a number of important works. The 'Wanderung im Gebirge', which was written in 1930, is a song cycle of poems by Lenau. The following year brought with it a violin Sonata and saw the beginning of work on the 'Notturmo' song cycle for bass-baritone and string quartet. This was finished in 1933 and in the meantime a 'Praeludium' for orchestra and a Cantata (words by Eichendorff) for the unusual combination of male voice choir, baritone solo, three trombones, tuba, pianoforte and timpani had been written. Two years later, at the time when this volume ends, the opera 'Massimilla Doni', founded on Balzac, had been written. This opera was produced at Dresden on March 2nd.

Herr Corrodi points to the fact that Reger, leader of the more conservative faction in German music, was probably the greatest influence in Schoeck's development. Later Schoeck was to come into contact with a still more potent force. It was in Zürich in 1916 that he spoke to Busoni about a possible opera text. Busoni suggested Holberg's comedy 'Don Ranudo de Colibrados'. Schoeck finished composing the opera in 1918, and this volume chronicles seven performances in Switzerland and Germany within the next thirteen years, when a shortened version made its appearance. It was Busoni's own text that formed the basis of 'Das Wandbild', which is described as a "scene and pantomime" and is dated 1918. But it was evidently Reger's influence that has remained the strongest, and the sentence "As the upholder of tradition, as the composer who conserves and augments this priceless heritage, Schoeck is the successor of Max Reger" may be taken fitly to describe his outlook and his present position. It is not possible to gauge adequately the quality or character of his music from the short, though copious, examples given in Herr Corrodi's sympathetic study. One is, however, left sufficiently interested to wish to see complete scores and, more still, to hear the works themselves. It is extraordinary that there should be no index to what is otherwise an admirably produced volume.

S. G.

*I canti carnascialeschi nelle fonti musicali del XV e XVI secolo.* By Federico Ghisi. pp. 223. (Olschki, Florence, 1937)

It is surprising that so far no author had devoted a monograph to the *canto carnascialesco* or *mascherata*. No species of Italian secular music has such unmistakable and historically definite beginnings, no other has remained so unchanged from start to finish, and there is hardly another that played so conspicuous a part in the birth of opera—a much-favoured chapter of musical history, when all is said and done. Nor has any other species been so familiar on its literary side, ever since Anton Francesco Grazzini published his famous collection of Carnival Songs of the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent in 1559. True, the musical sources are scattered and difficult of access. The chief source, the Codex Magliabechiano 141, cl. xix, shortly before the European war served P.-M. Masson for a selection of such songs; but this valuable publication remained ineffective because it was not followed by the promised critical and historical elucidations.

This gap is now filled by Signor Ghisi's book. If it has a fault, it is

only that the author is reluctant to believe in the well-founded tradition that Lorenzo de' Medici gave the old Florentine carnival songs a more refined form and that Heinrich Isaac, his organist and domestic composer, created them musically. Why always look for new "roots"? Things must have a beginning somewhere, and no doubt Isaac, who loved Florence as much as any born Florentine, and who died there, will have to be left the credit of having given the *canto carnascialesco* its definite musical guise.

These first Florentine *canti*, the *carri* and *trionfi* of Isaac, Agricola, Coppinus and their successors, are the central subject of Signor Ghisi's examination. To the songs of Lorenzo's time succeeded those of the reign of Savonarola, during which women and girls no longer listened to the very equivocal songs of disguised youths, but sang only pious *laudi* and devout ditties, which however were themselves often but "parodies" of the *laudi*, spiritualized versions of exceedingly profane songs to the reconstruction of which Ghisi devotes one of his cleverest chapters. After Savonarola came the time of the "republican" Carro, when the Carnival itself served political ends, until the return of the Medici in 1512 turned its songs too into courtly and decorative affairs.

Signor Ghisi then follows the species into all parts of Italy and throughout the century, beginning with Petrucci's *frottole* and leading on to the beginnings of opera and beyond. A special chapter is devoted to a peculiar phenomenon—the *canti dei lanzi*, which ridicule the boorish, bibulous and amorous German soldiery. This book is an investigation of sources as well as a history and a valuable contribution to the study of Renaissance music.

A. E.

*Alfredo Casella*. By Louis Cortese. pp. 129. (E. degli Orfini, Genoa, 1936)

This brief study of Alfredo Casella's compositions concludes with the assertion that his music, always clever and never dull, has now attained to a characteristic and personal style. Perhaps we in England do not know enough, have not heard enough Casella to deny the truth of Signor Cortese's statement. But what we do know certainly does not point in that direction.

Casella began too early and too well. He was something of a prodigy in childhood; he went to Paris at thirteen to learn and to widen his outlook. On his return to Italy, however, he determined to be not a cosmopolitan but a national composer and to cultivate a style which, Italian at heart, had enough cosmopolitan varnish to commend it to the musicians of other countries. As a programme of policy his decision was impeccable, but one may question whether it is possible at all to be national or international at will. Is Beethoven less German because he lived in an age that had not heard of nationalism and internationalism? Is Verdi essentially Italian because he meant to be so or because he could not be different?

These questions, if they can be answered at all, cannot be considered here and now. What must be frankly admitted is that of all our contemporaries Casella is the one whose technique is now perfectly intelligible and at the same time equal to any task. One has only to compare his ruthless piano pieces, 'À la manière de . . .' with similar efforts by other composers to see that in his case the satire is founded on the thorough

knowledge of the victim's art and idiom. One may agree with all that the author says in praise of his subject and still hold that Casella's music is deficient in one important respect. It has immense ability, it has good taste, it has the pride of easy achievement. The only thing it lacks is the courage of humility.

F. B.

*Ritratto di Franco Alfano.* By A. della Corte. pp. 118. (Paravia, Turin, 1936)

This short essay is divided into two sections, of which the first is biographical and the second critical. The biography is interesting especially because it was practically dictated by Alfano himself. The author warns us, however, that Alfano's memory is not always reliable and that his own researches were needed to verify certain dates and fill in the lacunae in the self-portrait.

The critical side is hardly likely to interest the average English musician, for the excellent reason that little or nothing of Alfano is known here. He is one of those composers who are much too sober to interest the followers of extravagance, while the amateur of conservative tastes naturally prefers something that has already been tested and found good elsewhere. Alfano has travelled much and at different times resided in both Paris and Berlin. There some of his chamber music has been produced. In England all that we know of him is that he completed the unfinished manuscript of Puccini's 'Turandot'. Perhaps some pioneer, in examining the long list of Alfano's works, may be tempted to take the risks of a first performance. Guido Pannain, a responsible critic, speaks highly of a Sonata for violoncello and pianoforte. Considering how monotonous and hackneyed the average cello recital programme is, the experiment would seem to be worth while.

F. B.

*Il folklore musicale in Italia.* By Cesare Caravaglios. pp. 467. (Rispoli, Naples, 1936)

This is a valuable study of Italian folk-lore, written by a scholar who has no sympathy with the attempts which have been made to adapt it for concert-room use. Signor Caravaglios has little patience with the artists who sought to popularize it; folk-lore for him is science rather than art and must be considered solely from the scientist's point of view. Even the substitution of a piano for the instruments used by the people is, accordingly, condemned.

Undoubtedly his arguments are logical and pertinent, and the formula he gives for those who transcribe folk music should be extremely useful. But his volume, which includes an excellent bibliography, would be more useful still if it contained also some musical examples. So far apparently the words and not the melody of folksong have engaged the attention of Italian scholars, and the reader will be grateful to the author for his stimulating comments and suggestions. However interesting the study may be in its relation to ethnical problems, the value of folk-lore is also artistic, and some gratitude is due also to those artists who first called attention to its qualities. A less uncompromising attitude on the part of the scientist appears indicated; this is obviously a case in which what we take to be the most desirable results can only be attained when art and science are made to go hand in hand.

F. B.

## REVIEWS OF MUSIC

Bach, *The Art of Fugue*. Transcribed for String Quartet by Roy Harris and M. D. Herter Norton. Score. (Schirmer, New York ; Boosey & Hawkes, London.) \$2.50.

If Graeser's transcription for orchestra did much to dispel the ignorance of the musical public regarding Bach's monumental 'Art of Fugue,' the present transcription for string quartet is likely to bring the work within the reach of a far wider circle. The editors, however, do not claim that the latter is the only consideration that has led them to issue a new transcription. Rather is it that they believe that the bowed instruments, capable as they are (to quote the preface) "of long phrase-lines, sustained tone and all varieties of *legato* and *marcato* tone", are ideal for conveying the abstract nature of the work. The present edition contains fourteen fugues, the last being left in its unfinished state, and omits the canons, for the reason that, besides being musically less interesting, they "uselessly interrupt the homogeneous growth of the main body of the material." The editors' detailed and stimulating analyses of the fugues will help much towards intelligent performance.

E. R.

Berkeley, Lennox, *How Love came in* (Herrick), for Medium Voice and Piano. (Winthrop Rogers ; Boosey & Hawkes, London) 2s.

I feel that the basic melodic motif of this song (the rise and fall of a minor third), charming though it is, has, instead of growing from the words, been fitted on to them. This accounts for such occasional distortions as that on the word 'with' in bar eight. As to the accompaniment, the composer's anxiety to nullify its rhythmic monotony by harmonic means has led to some strange and not altogether convincing alterations to academic progressions. The cadence is a case in point, where the G added to the final F major chord irritates rather than surprises.

E. R.

Berkeley, Lennox, *String Quartet*. Score (Boosey & Hawkes, London) 7s. 6d.

When the history of Mid-European music of the early part of the twentieth century comes to be written, it will most probably show that proportionately as technical resources and harmonic experimentation widened melodic interest narrowed. In other words, instead of the intellect canalizing the emotions into a linear suppleness, it repressed them in order to exercise complete sway over the material of music. Mr. Berkeley's Quartet illustrates this tendency in no small measure. The vitality in the work is mental rather than emotional ; so much so that one can almost follow the thought-processes as they were argued out in the composer's mind. One good result of such a dictatorship is

that sentimentalism is completely ousted, but this is a negative achievement if higher values are left unformulated. There is evidence in the quartet under consideration that the composer has a certain fund of lyricism in his musical make-up, but a perverse delight is taken in distorting it in the interests of so-called "modernity." A great pity, for the work is full of technical interest.

E. R.

Busch, William. *Theme, Variations and Fugue* for Piano. (Chester, London) 3s.

We may expect some really good work from this composer when he is able to free himself completely from bondage to the materials of music. That this bondage will eventually be broken is evidenced in the theme and the final pages of the fugue of this work. Elsewhere the composer's mind seems to have been so fascinated by certain progressions and counterpoints that they are continued for their own sake long after the emotional impetus that gave them birth has passed. The dryness resulting from this habit lessens to some extent the attraction that many pianists would feel towards a work exhibiting so serious a purpose.

E. R.

Coperario, Giovanni,  
Jenkins, John,  
Ward, John,

*Four-Part Fancies*. Transcribed and Edited for String Quartet by André Mangeot. Score and Parts (Augener, London) 3s. each.

The serene and virginal loveliness of this music is argument enough to meet the possible objections of the purist to modern transcriptions, for if the latter lead to a wider dissemination of such treasures of early English music their legitimacy is beyond question. As Mr. Cecil Gray truly says in his book 'Predicaments', "the conception (of classical music) exists in the abstract, so to speak, and is only ultimately embodied in instrumental form. Frequently, indeed, perhaps generally, it can find equally adequate embodiment in wholly diverse media". Each of these one-movement Fancies follows the free contrapuntal methods of the motet or madrigal: therefore each demands in the performers an extremely plastic dynamic sense for the true realization of the subtle texture. The editing throughout is excellent, and I am glad to note that Mr. Mangeot has kept to the minim beat. A word of praise is due for the beautifully printed score, which is a delight to read.

E. R.

Craxton, Harold, *The Fiddler at the Feast*. Tunes from Playford's 'Dancing Master' arranged for Piano. (Oxford University Press) 2 books, 2s. each.

It was a happy idea to make some of the best tunes from Playford's collection more generally accessible; happier still, to arrange them in such a way that both the beginner, whether child or adult, and the concert pianist can make practical use of them. If scholarship—and there are many examples, from the dovetailings in 'If all the world were paper' to the excellent rhythmic transition at the beginning of the coda to book ii—could more often clothe itself with such charming simplicity, the adult beginner would not be faced with a dearth of suitable music.

E. R.

Gibbons, Orlando, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* (Second Evening Service). Edited by Edmund H. Fellowes. Score. (Oxford University Press.) 10d.

Parsley, Osbert, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* (Evening Service) and *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* (Morning Service). Edited by Edmund H. Fellowes. Scores. (Oxford University Press.) 6d. and 1s.

Although the writing in the Gibbons work is always splendidly virile and broad, it moves on a devotional level much lower than is usual with church music of that period. Not so with the two works of Osbert Parsley, who belonged to a much earlier period (1511-1585). That "settled-down" aspect occasionally exhibited in Gibbons's music and frequently in later English church music, is here entirely missing. The remarkable resilience of the phrases is reflected in the general contrapuntal texture, so that the music, although its pulse is metronomically similar to that of Gibbons's Service, seems to move at a much quicker pace.

E. R.

Hadley, Patrick, *The Solitary Reaper* (Wordsworth), for Unaccompanied Chorus, S.A.T.B. Score. (Oxford University Press) 6d.

This part-song is excellent more in intention than in achievement; or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that the expectations based on the excellence of the opening stark and tellingly simple pages are somewhat disappointed in the subsequent developments. It was a good idea to use the sonorous tones of the alto voices for much of the principal melodic part, but, anxious to introduce fresh harmonic colour at the climax, the composer forgot the claims of the words and developed the music instrumentally, and, it must be confessed, rather uninterestingly. This is a pity, for the ending echoes the poetry of the beginning.

E. R.

Lawes, William, *Come, Lovely Chloris; Gather your Rosebuds; O, my Clarissa*. Songs for three Female Voices. (Oxford University Press.) 3d., 5d., and 3d.

Lawes, Henry, *Once Venus' Cheeks*, and

Purcell, Henry, *Sweet Tyraness*. Songs for three Female Voices. (Oxford University Press) 5d.

These are the first numbers of a series which promises to be full of interest, not only musically but historically, for, to quote from Dr. W. G. Whittaker's foreword, "the examples (to be published) range from the contrapuntal style of Dering and Gibbons to the homophonic airs of Campian and the Lawes brothers, thus presenting in miniature a history of the changes which were taking place in music at the beginning of the seventeenth century". The source of all the part-songs to be published is John Playford's famous collection of vocal music, 'The Musical Companion', published in 1672, the part-books of which, "mainly in Playford's handwriting, were compiled for the use of a musical club of which Playford was a member, and which used to meet in Old Jewry, London". I look forward with pleasure to seeing the remainder of the thirty-two part-songs to be published. There are the following misprints: the last chord of the seventh bar of the piano reduction of Purcell's 'Sweet

Tyraness' should read C E B and not C E C, and in Lawes's 'Come, lovely Chloris' the piano reduction of the fourth bar from the end misses out the second D of the second soprano part.

E. R.

Malipiero, G. Francesco, *Cantari alla madrigalesca*, for String Quartet. Miniature Score (Eulenberg, Leipzig; Goodwin & Tabb, London) 2s.

This Quartet reveals gifts more charming than original. Working, however, within his limitations and never striving to overstep them by idiomatic extravagances, the composer has produced a work which both players and listeners will enjoy. The workmanship is always highly skilled, and if the form is a thing of shreds and patches, the blame for this rests with the use of discrete melodic material.

E. R.

Moeran, E. J., *Trio* in G major, for Violin, Viola and Violoncello. Miniature Score. (Augener, London) 3s. 6d.

This fine little work not only shows perfect craftsmanship (which implies an airy and clean texture and the utmost economy in the treatment of the subject-matter), but lyrical gifts of a high order. Neither lyricism nor the controlling intellect is, however, allowed to run riot, so that one is always conscious of a preservation of a just balance between the two complementary forces. The counterpoint and harmony are often adventurous, and sometimes experimental, but such searchings grow out of the needs of the music itself, and not out of a desire to be up to date. There are four movements: the first is an interesting essay in 7/8 time, the second a beautifully concise and expressive *adagio*, the third a quippish and high-spirited scherzo, and the fourth, perhaps the least interesting of the movements, a flowing *andante* with a *presto* Coda.

E. R.

Mozart, *Rondo* in A major, for Piano and Orchestra (K. 386). Edited by Alfred Einstein. Full Score. (Universal Edition, Vienna; Boosey & Hawkes, London) Arrangement for two Pianos, 3s.

Never let it be said that the imponderable activities of the musicologist have not their own peculiar exhilaration. Here is Dr. Einstein (*pace* 'The Observer' the distinguished kinsman of the scientist) enabled, by the strangest of chances brought about by alert observance and enquiries, to place on the market a completely new movement by Mozart as well as a most beautiful thing. One sighs in somewhat regretful envy and accepts, albeit gratefully and humbly, the inevitable. The work itself is a gem and of the finest Mozart quality. The tale of its discovery reads like the best Agatha Christie and embraces (surely that is the only word for so pretty a piece of writing?) not only America (the Sibley Library of Rochester University) but England in the shape of Mr. Arthur Hill (of Bond Street and of that particular Elysium inhabited by suchlike enthusiastic experts) and Mr. C. B. Oldman (of the British Museum and, thanks be, this journal). And thus the New World and the "Land without Music" repay their debt through the agency of the late music critic of the 'Berliner Tageblatt'.

S. G.

Reizenstein, Franz, *Suite for Piano*. (Winthrop Rogers; Boosey & Hawkes, London) 3s.

Nothing of any emotional or musical significance arises in these pieces from the composer's dexterity of note-manipulation. The textures and sonorities are often interesting enough, but this counts as little against the poverty of the line-drawing and a style that is torn by conflicting loyalties. The pieces, seven in number, are dedicated to Vaughan Williams.

E. R.

Vaughan Williams, Ralph, *Flourish for a Coronation*, for Chorus and Orchestra. Vocal Score (Oxford University Press) 1s.

Here is a work which drives forward from beginning to end with a relentless purpose. The words, skilfully selected from the Old Testament, Chaucer and a traditional song, have been set with such broad and sweeping strokes that only performances in large spaces and with massed forces will do full justice to the work. Such an end has, of course, precluded any attempt at harmonic subtlety, but this is amply compensated for by virility of texture. What exciting prospects does the work hold out for singers (who occasionally must become shouters) and trumpet players!

E. R.

*The Clarendon Hymn Book*. Compiled by a Committee of Public School Masters. (Oxford University Press) 7s. 6d.

This hymn book embarks with the advantage of a good name, and a turn of the pages predisposes the reviewer to expect well, for it evidently draws freely from the best—the 'English Hymnal' and 'Songs of Praise'. A closer inspection reveals that a committee of Public School masters has decided to discard gathering notes from old metrical psalms, recalls a good handful of the weaker Victorian tunes, reverts to a discredited form of plainsong accompaniment, and—how history repeats itself!—adds a liberal dash of what appears to be the specially composed tune. The general policy of the book might be symbolized in the rejection of Holst's magnificent tune for the hymn 'From glory to glory advancing'. A step back.

T. D. H. S.

*Chansons populaires de l'ancienne France*. Edited for Voice and Piano by Gustave Ferrari. (Curwen, London.) 2s. 6d.

These folksongs are mostly singing games, though one at least is a song popularized by Yvette Guilbert and published in her 'Légendes dorées'. Such "rondes", the editor warns us, are not the same as the English "round", but he does in fact include one French round, 'Tuons le coq' for four voices, as well as a canon. He rightly claims that these sixteen various songs will provide English children no less than French with profit and enjoyment. They are drawn from different regions of France and Flanders, and one or two are Canadian versions of old French songs. The unadventurous but taking little tunes are simple harmonized and will give pleasure to others besides juvenile singers and listeners. A few useful notes explain allusions and otherwise help to elucidate for an English public traditional songs which have their roots deep in French history and social life.

F. H.

*Irish Country Songs.* Edited and arranged by Herbert Hughes. Vol. IV. (Boosey, London) 6s.

Mr. Hughes's latest haul of Irish folksongs is from Kerry. Geography is less important a factor in the study of folksong than it was once thought to be, and the reader browsing through this book of western Irish songs will come across some that recall English folksong and at least one that suggests the Hebrides. Most of them, however, wear their specifically Irish character on their sleeve: the thrice-repeated tonic at the end, the humorous patter or the rhythm of the reel—though oddly enough 'Oh, Limerick is beautiful' recalls 'The Durham Reel'. Such considerations may not interest very deeply the singer for whom the volume is primarily intended; but Mr. Hughes combines scientific knowledge with his aims as a practical artist in re-dressing these wild country songs for polite town use. He has always maintained that an improvisatory style of accompaniment is desirable in order to avoid giving a date to songs that ignore period. These accompaniments are effective but not over-elaborate, nor theory-ridden. Indeed one may perhaps doubt whether his free importation into the harmony of the fourth and seventh degree of the scale which are missing from the beautiful pentatonic tune, 'Green grows the laurel', is not a licence better avoided, except as the lightest of passing notes, alike in the interests of theory and practical results. But in general Mr. Hughes's scholarship, as revealed in his introduction, and his skill, as shown in his editing and arranging of tunes and texts, gives to his collection, now extended to a fourth volume, a double value.

F. H.

*Fifty Russian Folksongs*, for Voice and Piano. Edited by E. L. Zverkov. English Versions by D. Millar Craig. (Novello, London) 4s.

As the preface and Russian title make clear, this collection consists mainly not of folksongs in the true sense but of contemporary popular songs, though a few older tunes are included. As Zverkov frankly acknowledges, each melody is printed in its most popular, not necessarily in its best, form. Unfortunately his harmonizations are incredibly banal and, in the case of the genuine folk-tunes, models of what folksong arrangement ought not to be.

G. A.

#### REVIEWERS

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E. B.	Editor.
E. J. D.	Professor Edward J. Dent.
E. L.	Edward Lockspeiser.
E. R.	Edmund Rubbra.
E. W.	Dr. Ernest Walker.
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F. H.	Frank Howes.
G. A.	Gerald Abraham.
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R. C.	Richard Capell.
S. G.	Scott Goddard.
T. D. H. S.	T. D. H. Smith.
W. G.	William Glock.

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E. R.

Vaughan Williams, Ralph, *Flourish for a Coronation*, for Chorus and Orchestra. Vocal Score (Oxford University Press) 1s.

Here is a work which drives forward from beginning to end with a relentless purpose. The words, skilfully selected from the Old Testament, Chaucer and a traditional song, have been set with such broad and sweeping strokes that only performances in large spaces and with massed forces will do full justice to the work. Such an end has, of course, precluded any attempt at harmonic subtlety, but this is amply compensated for by virility of texture. What exciting prospects does the work hold out for singers (who occasionally must become shouters) and trumpet players !

E. R.

*The Clarendon Hymn Book*. Compiled by a Committee of Public School Masters. (Oxford University Press) 7s. 6d.

This hymn book embarks with the advantage of a good name, and a turn of the pages predisposes the reviewer to expect well, for it evidently draws freely from the best—the 'English Hymnal' and 'Songs of Praise'. A closer inspection reveals that a committee of Public School masters has decided to discard gathering notes from old metrical psalms, recalls a good handful of the weaker Victorian tunes, reverts to a discredited form of plainsong accompaniment, and—how history repeats itself!—adds a liberal dash of what appears to be the specially composed tune. The general policy of the book might be symbolized in the rejection of Holst's magnificent tune for the hymn 'From glory to glory advancing'. A step back.

T. D. H. S.

*Chansons populaires de l'ancienne France*. Edited for Voice and Piano by Gustave Ferrari. (Curwen, London.) 2s. 6d.

These folksongs are mostly singing games, though one at least is a song popularized by Yvette Guilbert and published in her 'Légendes dorées'. Such "rondes", the editor warns us, are not the same as the English "round", but he does in fact include one French round, 'Tuons le coq' for four voices, as well as a canon. He rightly claims that these sixteen various songs will provide English children no less than French with profit and enjoyment. They are drawn from different regions of France and Flanders, and one or two are Canadian versions of old French songs. The unadventurous but taking little tunes are simple harmonized and will give pleasure to others besides juvenile singers and listeners. A few useful notes explain allusions and otherwise help to elucidate for an English public traditional songs which have their roots deep in French history and social life.

F. H.

*Irish Country Songs.* Edited and arranged by Herbert Hughes. Vol. IV. (Boosey, London) 6s.

Mr. Hughes's latest haul of Irish folksongs is from Kerry. Geography is less important a factor in the study of folksong than it was once thought to be, and the reader browsing through this book of western Irish songs will come across some that recall English folksong and at least one that suggests the Hebrides. Most of them, however, wear their specifically Irish character on their sleeve: the thrice-repeated tonic at the end, the humorous patter or the rhythm of the reel—though oddly enough 'Oh, Limerick is beautiful' recalls 'The Durham Reel'. Such considerations may not interest very deeply the singer for whom the volume is primarily intended; but Mr. Hughes combines scientific knowledge with his aims as a practical artist in re-dressing these wild country songs for polite town use. He has always maintained that an improvisatory style of accompaniment is desirable in order to avoid giving a date to songs that ignore period. These accompaniments are effective but not over-elaborate, nor theory-ridden. Indeed one may perhaps doubt whether his free importation into the harmony of the fourth and seventh degree of the scale which are missing from the beautiful pentatonic tune, 'Green grows the laurel', is not a licence better avoided, except as the lightest of passing notes, alike in the interests of theory and practical results. But in general Mr. Hughes's scholarship, as revealed in his introduction, and his skill, as shown in his editing and arranging of tunes and texts, gives to his collection, now extended to a fourth volume, a double value.

F. H.

*Fifty Russian Folksongs,* for Voice and Piano. Edited by E. L. Zverkov. English Versions by D. Millar Craig. (Novello, London) 4s.

As the preface and Russian title make clear, this collection consists mainly not of folksongs in the true sense but of contemporary popular songs, though a few older tunes are included. As Zverkov frankly acknowledges, each melody is printed in its most popular, not necessarily in its best, form. Unfortunately his harmonizations are incredibly banal and, in the case of the genuine folk-tunes, models of what folksong arrangement ought not to be.

G. A.

#### REVIEWERS

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W. G.	William Glock.

## REVIEWS OF PERIODICALS

*Journal of the English Folk Dance Society.* London, December 1936.

Joseph Needham : *The Geographical Distribution of English Ceremonial Dance Tradition.* Anne G. Gilchrist : *Songs from Frank Kidsoial MSS.—Ten Songs from Scotland and the Scottish Border—A Note on the Dutch 'Patertje' and 'Good King Wenceslas'.*

The first article, taking up a good half of the available space in the number, is a thorough and valuable piece of research, fully documented, complete with map and bibliography. There are sections dealing with Cotswold Morris, Derbyshire Morris, North-Western Morris, East Anglian Molly (believe it or not, unwitting reader), Long-Sword Dances, Rapper Sword Dances, Processionals (this leads later to a discussion of the origin of the Morris), Wyresdale Dance, Horn Dance, Hobby-Horses, Rush Carts, Plough-Monday and Well Dressing. The whole forms a notable piece of work. The remaining articles, all from the same hand, bring together and discuss tunes and variants.

S. G.

*Musica d'oggi.* Milan. January 1937.

M. Varro : *Rachmaninoff e Stravinsky.* G. de Napoli : *I Centenari melodrammatici italiani nel 1937.* S. A. Luciani : *Il mito nella canzone popolare.*

Margit Varro's article compares the two Russian composers mainly in the light of their autobiographies, hardly the best of all possible points of view. But she extracts some interesting points from these data : for instance, Rachmaninov's early preference for the music of Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Chopin, Rubinstein and Medtner, Stravinsky's for Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, Chabrier and Debussy—preferences that have very largely conditioned their respective styles. Yet Stravinsky's very matter-of-fact attitude to "inspiration" ("Pour moi, la composition est une fonction quotidienne que je me sens appelé à remplir. Le profane s' imagine que, pour créer, il faut attendre l'inspiration. C'est une erreur") is very similar to Tchaikovsky's. Rachmaninov's tragedy, as Margit Varro sees it, is that he can create only under the stress of subjective necessity (in other words inspiration)—which is generally lacking.

1837 seems to have been anything but a vintage year for Italian opera ; Bellini was dead, Verdi had not yet appeared. Of the twenty-three operas mentioned by Giuseppe de Napoli, Donizetti's 'Pia dei Tolomei' and 'Roberto Devereux', and Mercadante's 'Giuramento' (an earlier 'Gioconda' opera) are the most important ; of the rest, even the composers' names are now generally forgotten.

G. A.

*Musical Quarterly.* New York. January 1937.

E. J. Dent : *The Historical Approach to Music.* D. G. Mason : *Arthur Whiting.* Arthur Foote : *A Bostonian remembers.* M. D. Calvocoressi : *Balakirev.* A. von Ehrmann : *The 'Terrible' Brahms.*

Dent's paper was delivered at the Tercentenary conference at Harvard last September. It is an age of musical research. "We seem

to be living in a museum ; never since the Renaissance has there been such a universal passion for archæology." Meanwhile, perhaps more to amateurs than to professional musicians, music has become almost a religion, or a substitute for religion, with a doctrine "which in these days has become something of a nuisance", viz., "reverence for the classics". Musical antiquarianism seems dangerous and unsettling to the reverentially-disposed. But it is unscientific and absurd to maintain that certain masterpieces are "timeless". The old masters wrote "utility music" for the day's consumption. Musicology is necessary to our studies and indeed to our enjoyment, for every piece of music belongs to its own period of history. The real value of historical studies lies in their being made a training of the imagination. The historical student ought to be able to evoke from an old manuscript the complete emotional effect intended by the composer. Dent's paper incidentally lent some support to the doctrine "The music of to-day for those who to-day are themselves alive !"

R. C.

*Musik und Kirche.* Cassel. December 1936.

A. Stier : *Zur Kultmusikfrage.* W. Blankenburg : *Neue Kultmusik.*

L. Hein : *Liederer für das Jahr der Kirche.* K. Ameln : *Zur Gestalt der neueren kirchenmusikalischen Veröffentlichungen.*

From the first article dealing with the present state of church music it would appear that Germany realizes, as much as we do, the need for modern music worthy to stand beside that of the best periods in the past. The second article discusses practical matters in describing some new editions of sixteenth-century liturgical music.

January 1937.

O. Brodde : *Ein neues Lied wir heben an?* W. Blankenburg : *Die deutsche Liedpassion.* H. Klotz : *Vom Orgelbau (II).* H. Burbulla : *Bericht über einen Orgelumbau.* F. Heitmann : *Erfahrungen.* . . .

The second article deserves notice. It deals with a comparatively rare form which flourished in Germany in the early middle ages, where the Passion story was told by means of strophic, hymn-like verses with music. This form differed therefore from the early liturgical settings in modal music and the later highly developed forms which eventually reached their climax in the great Passions of the age of Bach. The next article in order deals with the restoration and modernizing of organs with special reference to an organ in München-Gladbach, the console of which is illustrated. The experiences noted in the last article centre round an organ in the chapel of the castle at Charlottenburg.

S. G.

*Rassegna musicale.* Turin. November 1936.

N. Pirrotta : *Lirica monodica trecentesca.* A. Parente : *Natura estetica dell' armonia.*

Pirrotta deals with fourteenth-century solo songs in a famous codex at Florence and in another (Rossi codex) in the Vatican library. Historians have generally been more engaged by the polyphonic pieces, madrigals and catches, in these codices. Between *ballate* and *canzoni* in the solo songs there is little distinction, but two schools of composition are distinguishable, the Florentine and the Northern Italian, the poetry

of the latter being of a more popular or rustic character. Parente takes up some points raised by V. Garulli ('Armonia e psicologia'), and outlines an aesthetic argument which he proposes to develop.

December 1936.

Vittorio Gui: *Sull'uso di trascrivere per orchestra*. A. Damerini: 'La Morte di San Giuseppe'.

Gui defends his orchestral transcription of Franck's 'Prelude, Aria and Finale', against his critics at Geneva. He also believes in the utility of scoring Bach's organ works, "up to now completely unknown to the public", though he disapproves of anachronistic colours and finds Schönberg's 'Two Bach Chorales' to be "lacking in stylistic respect". Damerini's subject is Pergolesi's early oratorio 'The Death of St. Joseph' (1730), which is not mentioned in 'Grove'. There is a copy at the R.C.M. (London).

R. C.

*Revue de Musicologie*. Paris. November 1936.

Ratouis de Limay: *Fichier musical des Archives photographiques des Beaux-Arts*. G. de Saint-Foix: *Le deuxième Centenaire de Pergolèse*.

Renée Viollier: *Les Symphonies de J.-J. Mouret*.

During the time that the late André Tessier was in charge of the archives of the Ministry of Fine Arts in Paris he gathered material for a catalogue of those pictures in the galleries of Paris that had any connection with music either because of the presence of musical instruments in the picture or for other similar reasons. This catalogue is now issued by a colleague of his with reference to the corresponding photographs in the official collection. From the commemorative article on Pergolesi the following stands out: "Present-day research has made it clear that in Pergolesi's church music there exists a far-reaching exploration of new styles. Furthermore these researches have placed his instrumental music in an indisputably high position. . . . The weak and slender young man, destined to quit the scene so early, becomes a considerable and indeed powerful ancestor". Mouret, the subject of the third article, was an eighteenth-century musician from Provence.

S. G.

*Revue Musicale*. Paris. November 1936.

M. D. Calvocoressi: *Un étrange document sur Moussorgsky*. H.

Prunières: *L'opéra italien au 18<sup>e</sup> siècle*. J. Herscher-Clément:

*Charles Kachlin*. Paul Dukas: *Lettres à Jean Carlan*. A. Suarès:

*La beauté contre la 9<sup>e</sup> symphonie*.

Calvocoressi's "strange document" — Golenishtchev-Koutousov's memories of Moussorgsky—records Moussorgsky's approval of the cuts made by Napravnik in 'Boris' in 1874. G.-K., who thought the Polish act the best part of 'Boris', disliked the new "realism" in music and wrote to traverse Stassov, is not a very convincing witness, but Calvocoressi allows him some consideration and suggests that in some moods Moussorgsky would say anything. Moussorgsky was a triple personality: (i) an inspired artist, oblivious of theories, (ii) an illogical talker, intoxicated with words, (iii) an ardent innovator, absorbed by new problems and indifferent to the work achieved yesterday. Prunières's pages are extracted from his History, now in course of publication. It should be a

good book. In the article on Kœchlin the trees get in the way of a view of the wood, and no notion can be gained of Kœchlin's actual music. He is called "a great musician who is a great artist only because he is a powerful mind ranging over the most various territories". The Dukas-Cartan letters are not of general interest. Suarès goes crusading against the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D. The idolatry of Beethoven is a hundred years behind the times; his greatness is more and more "literary"; Beethoven never allows us to forget that he was deaf; his colour is false, conventional and ugly, his modulations are poor and commonplace; apart from twenty bars of fine music the finale of the Choral Symphony is less a hymn to joy than the hurly-burly of the fair-ground.

R. C.

*Rivista Musicale Italiana*. Milan. Vol. XL. Nos. 1 and 2.

J. C. Hol: *L'Amfiparnaso*. E. J. Luin: *Salieri come maestro di F. Liszt*.

G. F. Winternitz: *Cimeli belliniani*. C. Perinello: *I problemi del consonare musicale*.

With this double number a valuable review resumes publication. Hol examines Vecchi's 'Amfiparnaso' (1594), a work too often described as composed of a succession of madrigals (Riemann, Nef). Hol prefers: "un ensemble de scènes dramatiques composées dans le style polyphonique de tous les genres vocaux réunis, de la vilanelle et la canzone au madrigal et motet, dont chaque scène est une unité où le texte occasionne parfois des formes d'ensemble inconnues dans les genres prédits" (the article is in French). Hol agrees with Dent that the work was not meant for stage performance, but holds against Dent the opinion that the text is Vecchi's own. The Salieri article includes a letter of 1822 from Salieri to Prince Esterházy, expressing a lively and generous interest in the youthful Liszt.

Vol. XLI. No. 1.

Carlo Perinello: *L'Amfiparnaso*.

Again the 'Amfiparnaso'. Perinello's article is remarkably clear and thorough. He sharply criticizes the inaccuracy of the Torchi edition (Ricordi) and also the German translation of the text in Eitner's edition. The translator, Bolte, by rendering a crucial word in the prologue, "almeno", as "aber" ("but" instead of "at least"), has, according to Perinello, helped to mislead the commentators who have maintained that the work was not composed for scenic performance. Perinello is convinced that Vecchi had the stage in his mind, and he discusses interestingly the phrase in the prologue "per l'orrecchio e non per gl'occhi", disagreeing with Dent (Grove, V, 465). Perinello announces a forthcoming practical edition of his own of this "masterpiece of masterpieces", as also of Vecchi's 'Veglie di Siena'.

R. C.

*Sovetskaya Muzyka*. Moscow, October 1936.

G. Khubov: *On Folk-Song* (introduction to the article by A. N. Serov).

A. Serov: *Russian Folk-Song as a Subject of Scientific Study*.

A. Khachaturyan: *On Georgian Music*. L. Danilevich: *D. Kabalevsky's Second Piano Concerto*.

The critic-composer Serov's study of Russian folk-music, reprinted here, originally appeared serially in the 'Musical Season' in 1869-71.

It is, as Khubov says, a pioneer study of considerable importance in the history of scientific folk-song study. Serov had a tendency to harbour bees in his bonnet—for instance, the Hellenic origin of Russian folk-song—but he was very conscious of the common errors of collectors, the literary ignorance of the musical collectors and *vice versa*, and of the difficulty of accurately recording and suitably harmonizing the melodies. His review of the various Russian collections from Kirsha Danilov's (1802) and Ivan Prach's (1806) to Balakirev's (1866) is a curious mixture of intelligence and prejudice. Prach, a Czech, who looked on all music through Mozartian spectacles, naturally comes in for some hard knocks. But so also does Balakirev—for his choice of bad variants of the words, and even of some of the tunes, and for "catching the genuine popular vein" in his harmonization of only two songs out of the forty. He is accused of "showing off" harmonically, of writing "40 Cabinetstücke für Clavier mit Begleitung einer Singstimme" in the manner of Schumann, and of being even "further from the folk-spirit than Prach".

November 1936.

A. Lepin : *E. Golubev's Oratorio 'The Return of the Sun'*. L. Danilevich : *S. Vasilenko's 'Arctic Symphony'*. G. Khubov : *Franz Liszt*. V. Khvostenko : *Liszt in Russia (1842)*. K. Kuznetsov : *From the History of Spanish Music*.

Vasilenko's 'Arctic Symphony', commemorating the heroes of the "Chelyuskin" disaster, appears to be written in the clear, simple, mainly diatonic idiom now in favour in the U.S.S.R. Judging from Danilevich's account and the music-type examples, it is a rather undistinguished programme-symphony, laying all possible emphasis on the pictorial element; the composer even asks for wind-machines in the finale. Of the two Liszt articles, Khubov's competently performs the necessary centennial rites; the other is a very useful compilation of newspaper notices and excerpts from letters and memoirs nearly all relating to Liszt's Petersburg concerts in 1842.

December 1936.

G. Tyumenev : *V. Nakhabin's 'The Tuscan Burgess'*. V. Belyaev : *Grigory Egiazarov*. V. Berkov and V. Protopopov : *V. Yurovsky's 'Moscow Carnival'*. C. M. von Weber : *Autobiographical Sketch and Hoffmann's 'Undine'*. K. and V. Kuznetsov : *Folk Elements in Weber's Work*. V. Khvostenko : *Liszt in Russia (continued)*.

The first three articles give useful information about some lesser-known Soviet composers and their recent works. The Kuznetsovs' essay is concerned exclusively with Weber's songs, particularly the eighteen 'Lieder zur Gitarre' published by L. K. Mayer in 1921, in which the folk-element is naturally more obvious than in his operas. The writers pertinently draw attention to the fact that Weber's teacher, Vogler, was one of the first collectors of national songs—not German only but folk-melodies from Russia, North Africa and other parts of the world.

G. A.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. 1

# THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

(PUBLISHED IN AMERICA)

CARL ENGEL, Editor

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### Published Quarterly

At 3 East 43rd Street,  
New York, N.Y.

25/- A YEAR

6/3 A COPY

Entered as a second class matter December 21, 1914, at the  
Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

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